THE TIMES

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

75th Year

5 MARCH 1976

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T·L·S

THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

FRIDAY • 12 MARCH 1976 • No 3861 • 18p

Adam Smith after 200 years

Cinematic sensibilities

Poems by Richard Eberhart and Thomas Hardy

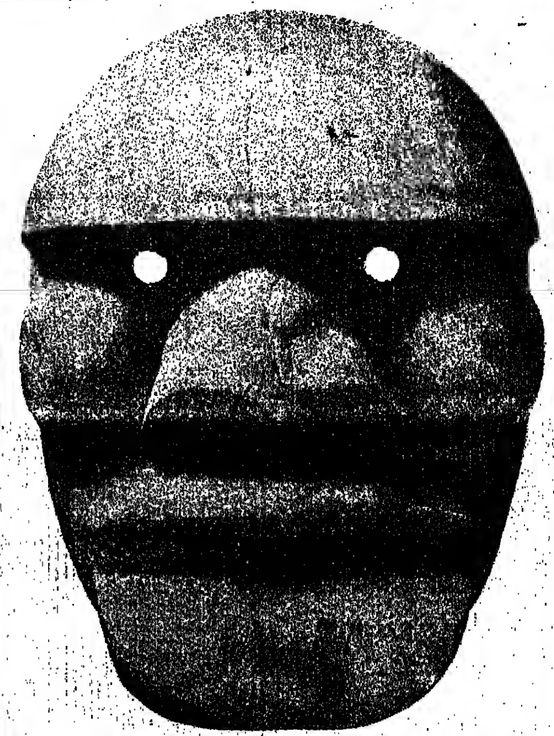
The Cleveland Street Scandal

Hölderlin, Thomas Hood, Gertrude Stein

Villages to order

Japan, Iraq, Prussia

Fiction: Swinburne, William F. Buckley Jr



"The bad Shaman": a contemporary version of a traditional Eskimo mask from King Island, used ceremonially in opposition to the "good shaman". The heavy mask is deeply excavated on the reverse side to accommodate the wearer's nose; the nostrils are painted with India ink. It is reproduced in Eskimo Masks: Art and Ceremony *by Dorothy Jean Ray, with photographs by Alfred A. Blaker (246pp. Washington University Press. £7.50), and is in the author's own collection.*

SOCIAL ANTHROPOLOGY

Marcel Granet, Maurice Freedman and Chinese religion

Myths, masks & Lévi-Strauss

Ruth Benedict and the American tradition

Not by economics alone

By Donald Winch

ADAM SMITH:
An Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations
Two volumes
General Editors: R. H. Campbell and A. S. Skinner
Textual Editor: W. B. Todd
1,080pp. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press. £25.

ANDREW S. SKINNER and THOMAS WILSON (Editors):
Essays on Adam Smith
647pp. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press. £15.

In 1876 the main British celebration of the centenary of the publication of Adam Smith's *Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations* took the form of a large banquet organized by the Political Economy Club at the Pall Mall Restaurant. Judged solely by the social and political standing of those present, the event was a great success. Gladstone took the chair, and several ex-cabinet ministers, together with a sprinkling of members of the aristocracy, were present; and among the main after-dinner speakers was an ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Robert Lowe, and the French Minister of Finance. Conspicuously under-represented at the dinner, by later standards at least, were the academic economists, and it may have been significant that the only professorial intervention, by Thorold Rogers, then the most recent of Smith's editors, was partly designed to counter the excessively Ricardianized interpretation of Smith's methods endorsed by Lowe. This corrective, it would seem, is one that has to be made in every generation, though not necessarily in the terms advanced by Thorold Rogers.

There was little disposition on the part of any of the speakers at the 1876 dinner to examine Smith's contributions to the science of political economy, or even to discuss the future of the discipline which they assumed him to have founded—"the great work has been done", said Lowe. Most of the evening was devoted to the current preoccupations of a group of economically literate public men, and more especially to the triumph of free trade in Britain, the prospects for converting the Continent on this matter, the incipient dangers of trade unionism, and the proper sphere of government in economic affairs as judged by recent debates over educational endowments and relations between landlord and tenant. Smith emerged, therefore, as a forsighted, if somewhat faint-hearted, advocate of all those principles of self-help, thrift, and laissez-faire which constituted the backbone of orthodox opinion and the foundation of British prosperity. Ironically so, because these principles were about to be decisively challenged by more collectivist ideals.

In 1926 the sesquicentennial was celebrated more modestly with a series of lectures given in the new home of economic orthodoxy, the London School of Economics. One of these was given by Edwin Cannan, the most distinguished [illegible] but upheld the laissez-faire things in terms that have become tediously familiar: "Adam Smith may fairly claim to be the father, not of economics generally . . . but of what in modern times has been called 'bourgeois economics', that is the economics of those economists who look with favour on working and trading and investing for personal gain."

At the same time, in the University of Chicago, a more iconoclastic note was struck by Paul Douglas, who suggested that Smith's theory of value furnished a foundation for post-Ricardian socialism and Marx's theory of exploitation. From a long-term point of view, however, the Chicago celebrations were more remarkable for a paper given by Jacob Viner, which set a new standard for Smith scholarship among English-speaking economists at least by distinguishing [illegible]

Moral Sentiments as well as the *Wealth of Nations*, and by severely questioning the notion that Smith could be considered a doctrinaire advocate of laissez-faire.

There will be bicentennial dinners and lectures this year in many places, most notably in Glasgow, Smith's natural academic home, and in Chicago and Tokyo, his most important adopted homes. But it is clear that the main celebration will be neither congratulatory nor post-prandial, nor even excessively concerned with Smith the economist and champion of free enterprise. This year will chiefly be remarkable for the publication by the Clarendon Press of the first complete scholarly edition of Smith's writings, a highly ambitious project commissioned by the University of Glasgow, which has entailed the collaboration of the most eminent Smith scholars throughout the world for well over a decade. In addition to thoroughly collated versions of all the published works, the edition will include the new set of students' notes on Smith's lectures on rhetoric and belles lettres, and the notes on the lectures on jurisprudence which were discovered in the late 1958s. The last of these have not been published before, and since it was from these lectures that the *Wealth of Nations* emerged (albeit rearranged and much extended), the volume containing these notes, alongside the older Cannan version first published in 1896, will be awaited with great interest and some impatience, especially in view of the tantalizing hints of their contents provided by the editors elsewhere. The project will be capped by a volume of correspondence, a new biography, and a large collection of commemorative essays.

There seems no doubt than that 1976 will mark the point in time when scholarship relating to Smith came of age. In light of the fact that the last good edition of the *Wealth of Nations* was prepared in 1904, the only scholarly edition of the *Theory of Moral Sentiments* is in German, and the only comprehensive biography, a worthy journalistic exercise, was published in 1895, the new project can hardly be described as premature, particularly when it is borne in mind that complete editions of the works of such comparable figures as Bentham, Ricardo, Mill, and even Keynes began to appear some years ago. By next year, if all goes well, Smith will have overtaken all of these writers in one grand leap—with the exception of Ricardo who passed the finishing line in 1973, having been on the track for over forty years.

The new edition of the *Wealth of Nations* suggests that the Glasgow project has been executed with the kind of care more frequently associated nowadays with North American scholarship. The technical problems of establishing the text were in fact solved by W. B. Todd, operating from the University of Texas. (While this inspires confidence, it is a matter for slight regret that in his explanation of the process of solution, he makes few concessions to those who are unfamiliar with the jargon of his craft.)

The Cannan edition has served its purpose well, and no doubt will continue to serve as a reliable and cheap alternative until this one is made available in paperback; but no serious work will be possible in future without access to this edition. Its great virtue is that it goes well beyond the requirements of a *variorum*, and beyond Cannan's imputation of sources, to supply an exhaustive set of internal cross-references, comments by contemporary writers, and references to relevant passages in Smith's other writings, including letters and lecture notes. The new apparatus is, of course, elaborate, but it should not prove too intrusive for ordinary reading.

The general editors, R. H. Campbell and A. S. Skinner, have written an authoritative introduction appraising Smith's achievements and providing an account of the economic background against which the book was written. Together with the Clarendon Press they are to be thanked and congratulated—though the main reward for all their hard work will have to be that it is increasingly taken for granted as setting a standard for all those who wish to enter this field. They have certainly created an edition which heightens appreciation of the complexity of the original.

The *Wealth of Nations* has always been a protean work, and one which has acquired totemic qualities in the course of its two hundred years of life: this edition confirms the former quality while inviting a new look at the latter; it will definitely prove an enemy to most kinds of stipulated abridgment and selective reading.

The simultaneous publication of the associated volume of commemorative *Essays on Adam Smith* provides an opportunity to consider the state of the interpretative art as it stands on the eve of what is likely to be a fresh burst of scholarly activity. Not that there has been much let-up in recent decades, with attention increasingly being shifted away from the paths well-trodden by generations of economist-scholars towards Smith's work as moral philosopher, rhetorician, historian of civil society, and philosopher of science. In accordance with the trend of modern scholarship, the editors of this comprehensive and cosmopolitan collection of essays have wisely not confined themselves to the *Wealth of Nations*, or to Smith considered simply, and possibly anachronistically, as the founder of the science of economics.

This constitutes the main thrust of the second half of the book, for it is preceded by essays which deal with Smith's more obviously political influence. Most of the better-known scholars in the field—British, American, French, Italian and Japanese—have brought offerings to the feast, and the economist is represented by a number of more chiefly known for their work in one of the modern sub-specialisms to which Smith might be said to have contributed.

In achieving comprehensiveness the editors have erred, perhaps understandably, in the direction of over-inclusion. Nevertheless, taken as a whole, the collection is not only impressive but representative. And one hearkening sign is that some of the less good essays could be improved, where not made redundant, by paying attention to the best essays—a course of action open to readers if not to some of the essayists.

Andrew Skinner, in his capacity as co-editor of both books and as contributor to the volume of essays, examines the interconnections between Smith's various writings, stressing in particular the persuasive role played by the form of philosophical or conjectural history, of which Smith was one of the leading Scottish exponents. The publication of a complete edition containing new evidence will undoubtedly renew the debate on the nature of Smith's enterprise taken as a whole. The time has long passed since the debate focused exclusively on what several generations of German scholars referred to as *Das Adam Smith Problem*, namely reconciliation of the "sympathetic" ethic of the *Theory of Moral Sentiments* with the "self-regarding" ethic of the *Wealth of Nations*. With the discovery of new lecture-notes it is now possible to piece together an outline of Smith's ambitious project as it existed in the period from the late 1740s to the mid-1760s. In spite of some inter charges of middle-mindedness, eclecticism, and lack of originality, it is clear that Smith was not only extraordinarily interested in constructing "systems" of varying degrees of generality, but reached many of his most conclusions at a very early stage in his career as a moral philosopher, particularly with respect to the criteria that should be applied to different forms of historical, scientific, and philosophical communication.

At the moment, however, the task of establishing Smith's intentions is probably more rather than less problematic than it has been in the recent past. The new material could raise as many issues as it resolves, and there are signs that the whole business of interpretation is running into medium-sized complications.

The new lecture-notes on jurisprudence, for example, will undoubtedly increase our knowledge of how Smith might have gone about the task of completing his last promised work on a big sort of theory and History of Law and Government", but they cannot be used mechanically to fill the gap created by Smith's decision to destroy most of his unpublished papers just before his death. There has been a regrettable tendency in some recent comment to treat the earlier writings as though they published all the clues needed for an understanding of his greatest and most complex work, the *Wealth of Nations*. Similarly, there is another danger of falling into a version of the holist fallacy, whereby the enterprise is simply presumed to form a single and seamless web within which each element, whether derived from a letter, a student's note, an essay, or a full-blown treatise, has equal status as evidence.

It has frequently been claimed, most forcefully by Ronald Meek, that in the lectures on jurisprudence Smith uses a version of philosophical history which emphasizes changing modes of subsistence as the key to the four main stages through which society passes; and that this [illegible]

organizing principle behind Smith's work, is a pioneer social scientist. But if it is to serve such a structural purpose it is necessary to ask why so little survived in the *Wealth of Nations*. Could it be that Smith had second thoughts? Or that the plan was not so much incomplete as incapable of being completed? More plausibly, though still with some exaggeration, it has been argued by Robert Dugald Cumming that by the time Smith had developed his economic line of speculation to the full, it was no longer possible for it to be accommodated within the confines of traditional moral and political speculation. He has also asked whether there is any significance to Smith's distinction between "theory and history". Could it be that history served merely to illustrate or persuade, without possessing the qualities necessary for scientific demonstration?

The new notes may well support the stronger case, though there will always been room for debate as to how far Smith could profitably be regarded simply as an anticipator of a quasi-Marxian theory of social development in which economic forces play the determining role. In his essay in this book Andrew Skinner surveys the available evidence on this matter with skill and moderation, reminding us that the lectures on rhetoric and belles lettres illustrate Smith to have been remarkably eclectic in his historiographic tastes.

Together with the revival of interest in Smith's early essay "The History of Astronomy", the notes on the lectures on rhetoric have given rise to some acute problems of disentangling the medium from the message. We have come a long way from treating these lectures patronizingly as yet more evidence that eighteenth-century Scotsmen were anxious to acquire a good English style; they force us to recognize that Smith belonged to a generation that was self-consciously knowledgeable on the subject of forms of discourse, the presentation of argument, and the rules governing different modes of communication.

In other words, Smith not only employed a method, as we all do, but possessed a sophisticated theory of method. Moreover, as W. S. Howell shows in his excellent contribution to the commemorative volume, Smith was very much an innovator in the theory of rhetoric. It would have been a valuable addition to the collection if an equivalent expert could have been found to provide a stylistic analysis of Smith's published writings, possibly with strategic comparisons being made with that other 1776 classic, the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*.

W. P. D. Wightman does, however, pursue a related train of thought in his essay on Smith as historian of science by inviting us to retain the contemporary confusion of "philosophy" and "science", thereby deflecting attention away from the more modern concern with the philosophy of science. He argues that it may be more fruitful to regard Smith as being chiefly concerned with the history of the idea of science—a view which pays due respect to Smith's interest in the psychology of discovery and his emphasis on the aesthetic qualities of successful scientific explanations and expositions. It seems unlikely that T. D. Campbell would accept Wightman's position on this matter, but his own contribution, dealing with the *Theory of Moral Sentiments*, explores a connected theme by examining the close relationship which exists between causal explanation, moral justification, and exhortation in Smith's ethics.

Most of the other essays in the first half of the commemorative volume deal with individual routes taken by Smith's influence and attitudes on specific topics. Thus D. D. Raphael deals with the theory of the "impartial spectator" as an approach to moral judgment, while Salim Rashid considers the concept of "sympathy" as a contribution to judicial evaluation. David Stevens writes on Smith's attitude to the American Revolution, and A. W. Coats considers the related, though broader issue of the mercantile system. There is also a fascinating study by A. H. Brown of Smith's earliest Russian followers, Desnitsky and Tretyakov, who attended his lectures in the 1760s and took back many of his ideas to Moscow.

Although a number of the essays in the first half touch on political subjects, there is only one explicitly devoted to political philosophy in the grand sense of the term. This is a reprint of a chapter written by Joseph Cropsey in 1963, which is in turn an extension of an influential book written in 1957. The main thesis of the book was that Smith should be considered as an advocate of capitalism, in spite of his resignation of its defects, because it was the only system capable of generating freedom in the larger cultural and political sense.

This conclusion is accepted by some of the other contributors, though it is contested by Duncan Forbes on substantial grounds, and by Robert L. Heilbroner on insubstantial ones. It is certainly a serious case, if only because it seeks to provide an answer to an important question, namely within which political tradition or context should Smith's writings be placed: in other words, it has a major bearing on Smith's intentions.

Cropsey has never been in any doubt on this score, though Locke has now been substituted for Hobbes as the relevant ancestor, while Marx serves more openly as the relevant, if louring, bedester. Smith (in company with Rome) represents a crucial phase in the post-Lockean development of the "liberal capitalist" tradition, which we must encounter if we are "to understand the grounds of engagement between capitalism and post-capitalistic doctrines", notably, of course, those associated with Marx. The gravitational pull of the liberal capitalist interpretation, partly because it accords as well with the older laissez-faire image, has been an exceptionally strong one, particularly among historians of political thought and political theorists of various persuasions. Indeed, we seem to be in the presence of yet another example of what John Dunn has recently indicted in relation to Locke studies as an unholy alliance between Straussians and Marxians.

Smith has yet to be Macpherson-ized as a thorough-going possessive individualist, though Minmin's essay in this collection gestures in that direction when he speaks of Smith having been left "the task of justifying their [i.e. embryonic industrialists'] activities through an economic analysis of civil society. . .". It cannot be long before the job is done properly.

Considering the importance attached to such an ambitious thesis, it seems surprising that nobody—certainly not Cropsey—seems to have bothered to embark on even a routine inquiry into the nature and extent of Locke's influence on Smith, making use of texts rather than grandly vague imputations. Truth to tell, this might not prove rewarding or seem relevant to the proponents of the liberal capitalist thesis. To them the answers are all too obvious. Is Smith not an advocate of a system of natural liberty based on certain natural rights? Does he not argue for limited government along Lockean lines? Does he not maintain that the main function of civil government and justice is to protect private property? Are there not even some continuities in the use of the labour theory of value which were noted by Marx himself?

Surely the way must be open for David Stevens here, following others, to forge a familiar Lockean link between the *Wealth of Nations* and that other significant political document issued in 1776, the Declaration of Independence. All that seems necessary for game, set, and match is some reference to James Watt's steam engine of 1775, thereby cuckooing the industrial Revolution and launching the whole business into a nineteenth-century million, where most of us feel more at home anyway.

But if Cropsey does not feel it necessary to justify his choice of context, neither does he commit himself to that particular chain of suggestive reasoning. Within the limits set by his kind of premonitory scholarship, the argument is conducted along sober, if somewhat procrustean, lines. Moreover, as has been indicated, he is by no means alone among political theorists in regarding the *Wealth of Nations* as the moment when economics was about to deflect or "eclipse" political philosophy. Suppose, however, that the linkage between Locke and Smith is merely one of those wishful throughouts in intellectual history designed to carry us painlessly from the seventeenth to the nineteenth century; one of those corrosions across time that tell us more about the kind of usable past we like to assume than anything the texts will support.

The notion that Locke's *Two Treatises on Government* constitutes the beginning and end of eighteenth-century Anglo-American political thinking has taken some hard knocks in recent years, largely as a result of the imaginative work of Bernard Bailyn, John Dunn, J. G. A. Pocock, and others. The same work might also prove successful in rescuing Smith from the stranglehold of the liberal capitalist interpretation.

A far more fruitful line of attack on Smith's politics has been taken by Duncan Forbes in a brilliant, close-textured, and characteristically knotty essay in this collection. It is an extension of his earlier work on "scientific" versus "vulgar" Whiggism, and an offshoot of his recently published book *Hume's Philosophical Politics* — a book which, like the essay, proudly defies rapid summary. Taking Hume, and to a lesser extent Montesquieu, as his points of departure, Forbes effectively undermines any attempt to apply the conventional Whig and Tory labels. He also demonstrates that if Locke must be brought into the reckoning then it is upon the ruins of his theories of contract and consent that Smith and Hume built their philosophical and scientific alternatives to vulgar Whiggism.

More positively, Forbes explicates the non-parochial senses in which Smith employs such basic terms as "liberty", "freedom", and "civilization"—terms which are still widely applied to Smith without recognition of their special eighteenth-century meanings. For this reason alone Forbes's essay is one of the most original in the whole collection, and could have been studied with profit by all of the other contributors who refer to Smith's politics.

Forbes would probably be the last to claim that he had answered all the larger questions that surround discussion of Smith's politics, many of which, one suspects, he would disdain. As employed in this essay at least, his categories are better adapted to proving negative propositions—which may also explain the quizzical tone on which his essay ends. Party labels may trivialize; liberalism and conservatism may be misleading perspectives; but one still wants to know whether something more than a philosophical stance is being adopted. Does Smith, in fact, have a "politics" in any significant sense of the term—one that presupposes a political theory which is not a mere derivative (the discarded husk?) of the better-known economic arguments? Without an answer to this question, those who are chiefly interested in arriving at later destinations will either recruit Smith into the liberal capitalist camp, or take one of the other available short cuts.

George Stigler provides a good example of an economist's way through muddy political material in an essay written in the confident positivist manner and centring on a counter-factual proposition. Why, Stigler asks, did Smith fail to apply the same self-interest principle to men's political efforts that had stood him in such good stead when dealing with their economic affairs? Is it not self-evident that political and economic man are the same animal pursuing selfish ends by different means, the one through procuring legislation favourable to his interests, the other by more direct commercial methods? Stigler is one of Smith's most knowledgeable Chicago admirers, and he manages to praise the Scot for many qualities, including the strange mix of "inverted clairvoyance". But he regrets that by giving "a larger role to emotion, prejudice, and ignorance in political life than he ever allowed in ordinary economic affairs", Smith was forced into the role of political preacher rather than analyst.

Stigler's answers to the questions he poses would be more telling if there was any sign that he thought Smith's explicitly stated views on the role of the philosopher in public life worth considering, and if there was some recognition that the evidence on this subject contained in the *Theory of Moral Sentiments* and the lectures might have a bearing on the issue.

Stigler writes unmistakably as an economist, who, in his own words, as recorded elsewhere, believes that "the correct way to read Adam Smith is the correct way to read the forthcoming issue of a professional journal". Although an extreme position, it has been an in-

Address to God

Thanks, God, for it being not
Moliguant.
An instant transcontinental
connection
Three hours after the operation
Answered that you made it, this time,
Benign.

Last week, though, my friend
Received the opposite news from you,
Moliguant.

I maintained stoical calm both times,
Afraid

To let frenzy drive me to some wailing wall,

I throw my force at you in any case,
Humiliated

Not to have your power. If I had it
I don't think I would torture
the human race.

I do not know what is true,
I am not as malignant as you.

Richard Eberhart

fluential one among economists and those historians who mainly write with economists in mind. It licenses a time-saving brusqueness when faced with the troublesome problems of intention and choice of the appropriate context within which texts should be read. Since it is obvious that the *Wealth of Nations* is a book about economics, albeit in rather luxurious form, the nature of the enterprise and the context within which it should be interpreted require little further debate. It consists of the approved set of economic precursors and successors that form the tradition of economic thought which stretches unbroken to our own day.

The modern economist moves along the length and breadth of this tradition with ease, employing criteria of relevance and achievement which though narrow are also non-arbitrary. He has clear criteria for judging relative success or failure over prescribed courses—the theories of value, growth, money, international trade, human capital, and whatever else happens to be of interest to today's economists. He knows when to praise, blame, and exercise forgiveness; he knows what vital piece of analysis was "needed" or "lacking" in order to complete a fully fledged theory of the subject in question; he knows what was "ahead of its time" or has "stood the test of time; he may also be prepared to acknowledge that certain "insights" have been "lost". By such means it is possible to construct and keep in being a stock market in reputations which fluctuates according to modern assessment of what constitutes a problem or a proper solution. As the victorious, though not always confident, legatees of the enterprise founded by Smith, economists are both the custodians and prize-givers.

The essays by economist-scholars in the second part of the volume do not engage in the more tedious kinds of predecessor-hunting and anticipation-mongering frequently associated with Whig intellectual history. The parcels into which bits of the *Wealth of Nations* are packed are fairly sizable, and compared with 1876 and 1926 there is much less disposition to patronize Smith's shortcomings as a rigorous model-builder. Indeed, his reputation has risen steadily since the Second World War. He may have been muddled on value and distribution by Ricardian, Marxian, and neo-classical standards; he has nothing much to offer on the Keynesian problems of short-term income determination; but he has a great deal to say on the subject of growth, development, and secular change. It is significant that nine of the sixteen essays in this section deal with one aspect or another of Smith's treatment of capital accumulation, embodied technological progress, and increasing returns treated dynamically in the sense of not being unduly concerned with comparative static equilibrium positions.

Walter Eltis, for example, provides us with the latest reconstruction of a *Wealth of Nations*-type *growth model*: it works a definite advance on Adolph Lowe's earlier attempt to thrust Smith into a deterministic and mechanistic mould, which is also reprinted here. G. B. Richardson takes up a theme first elaborated in 1928 by Allyn Young, and more recently by Lord Kaldor, on the relationship of competition, increasing returns, and innovation within what is basically a disequilibrium or even an anti-equilibrium theory. It may also be a sign of the times that Alan Peacock's essay praises Smith "for an approach to public finance which avoids the arid scholasticism often associated with the analytical refinements of positive economics and a narrow outlook which can even on occasion lead to methodological error".

It is not possible to do more than simply list most of the other contributions by economists, indicating briefly the areas covered: Sam Hollander deals with utility and demand; Albert Rees with wage differentials; Marian Bowley with the treatment of capital; Joseph Spengler with decision-makers; Arthur Bloomfield with international trade; Douglas Vickers with money; Mark Blaug with the economics of education. Sidney Checkland writes on Smith and the banking conditions of his own day, while Maurice Dobb compares Smith and Ricardo almost exclusively—and rather perversely, given the nature of the occasion—from the point of view of the latter. In short, most of the contributions by economists are good examples of the standard form of historiography.

There are, however, three essays which, though written by economists, belong to a different category. Earsh of them is devoted to the elucidation and resolution of a "paradox". The first, and by far the best, is that by Nathan Rosenberg on Smith's treatment of profits and wages. How was it that Smith could be such an enthusiastic advocate of high wages at a time when this position was distinctly unusual, while being extremely critical of high profits and of the anti-social proclivities of merchants and manufacturers? High profits could wreck the breakdown of competition, and Smith did not regard them as essential to the continuance of capital accumulation. But the more fundamental reason given by Rosenberg is that in Smith's scheme of things "the attainment of wealth corrupts the forces leading to the generation of wealth", an argument which is not easily accommodated within the more materialistic interpretations of what is going on in the *Wealth of Nations*.

The paradox addressed by E. G. West derives from the large and comparatively recent literature on "alienation" aroused by the discovery of the humanist Marx of the early philosophical manuscripts. It deals with the extent to which Smith can be regarded as an anticipator of Marx on the dehumanizing effects of the division of labour.

The paradox results from comparing the remarks on the narrowing effect of the division of labour in Book 5 of the *Wealth of Nations* with the heavy emphasis on the contribution of the division of labour in growth in Book 1. West argues that while Smith acknowledged the existence of an alienation problem, it was not the problem envisaged by Marx; and in any event it was entirely soluble within the framework of the capitalist system. Once more, therefore, we are back to a debate within the liberal capitalist tradition.

West strikes some shrewd blows against those whom he regards as being intent on dragging an upholder of individualism, consumer sovereignty, and embourgeoisement into the Marxian camp. But a heavy demonstration that Smith was not Marx does not prove that West's Smith has any greater claim on our attention. In his anxiety to leave no resting-place for his opponents, it does not seem to have occurred to West to ask what historical (as opposed to polemical) problem if any consequence is solved by proving that Smith's concept of alienation is different from Marx's.

As a result, West underestimates the significance of the passages in question by concluding, semi-tautologically, that they were "no more than a contemporary and perhaps modish piece of authorship", thus perhaps, as he has been more frank in stating elsewhere, to a regrettable lapse from the rigour of economists into the muddier moralizing world of sociology—neither of which disciplines existed at the time. Was it merely carelessness on Smith's part not to use the word "alienation" in this context? Or was it a semi-conscious decision on his part not to preempt the future? What he does speak about in his modish contemporary way is "commerce", "virtue", "spirit", and "enfeeblement"—terms which belong to a pattern of eighteenth-century usage which neither West nor his opponents have had the patience to explore.

But it is only when we turn to Robert L. Heilbroner's paradox that the proleptic approach to historical understanding reveals itself in full bloom. Taking the proto-Marxian character of Smith's view of social progress for granted, Heilbroner believes that he has uncovered a "profound pessimism" at the heart within Smith's economic and social scheme of evolution" by linking the alienation passages with the all too brief references to the stationary state.

He embarks on this voyage of uncovery by endowing Smith with visions of decline into "general poverty" of an improbable Ricardo-Malthus provenance, though the journey is only made possible by overlooking the evidence that runs counter to such gratuitous speculation, namely that Smith did make Ricardian use of the law of diminishing returns in agriculture, that (as Rosenberg shows) he was more concerned about the profits high rather than low profits, that he did not regard low profits as compatible with further capital accumulation; and that he regarded the stationary state (as Heilbroner acknowledges at a later and more convenient stage of his argument) that it is one no country has reached, apart from China, "laws and institutions" accounting for fact rather than inherent possible limitations. It is hardly surprising, therefore, that West finds Smith actually exhibiting a mechanism that leads him to conclusions so unequivocally set out", when these were not the conclusions, equivocal or otherwise, he sought to draw.

Nevertheless, having let these "Darking difficulties" lie on the surface, Heilbroner proceeds to the easier task of assessing Smith's certain failure to solve problems acceptable to Heilbroner. Smith may be an embryonic Marx or Malthus, but he is not Malthus in reference to birth-control and redistributive measures), and he is not Marx (no conception of class struggle).

It follows that he is guilty of "subjudice; that he is a "conservative", "class-bound" and contains a "social dynamic that admits of no possibility of fundamental change in socio-economic structure has been removed", "prejudice of his time", "blind with it" "limitations that were of our age so patent and so obvious".

If Heilbroner genuinely believes that he has succeeded in getting Smith's manuscripts in his own historical perspective", and that he is in a position to judge it in the light of the dismaying failure in its own intellectual history has it become a ghoulish game we play the dead. One of the great benefits of the new editions of Smith's works will be that it encourages such adventitious scholarship. It could even mark the time when the eighteenth century is recognized as being sufficiently interesting in its own right to make it unnecessary to appeal to the period, and one of its leading representatives, exclusively to nineteenth-century perspectives.

A framework for freedom

By Leon Pompa

GEORGE DENNIS O'BRIEN:
Hegel on Reason and History
A Contemporary Interpretation
185pp. University of Chicago Press. £4.65.

Perhaps because of their relative clarity Hegel's lectures on the *Philosophy of History* have received less detailed comment than his purely philosophical works. This is unfortunate because, as George Dennis O'Brien points out, Hegel's philosophy of history is liable to considerable misinterpretation if its reliance on certain philosophical concepts developed in his other works is not appreciated. Conversely, it is also a serious obstacle to our understanding of his whole philosophy, for Hegel regarded a correct account of man's actual historical career as the proper antidote to abstract and misleading metaphysical theorising. Professor O'Brien's book, which is a lucid and [illegible] commentary on the *Introduction* to the *Philosophy of History*, in which he seeks to show how Hegel's account of philosophical history stands on philosophical concepts developed elsewhere.

He analyses Hegel's discussion of the role of Reason in history in terms of the framework of Aristotelian causes which, he convincingly shows, lies behind the discussion. The final result of his analysis is, however, to emphasize the importance of three considerations for Hegel. First, the belief that what is real must be an actual, existing, individual, entity and that, accordingly, to seek to understand it as an instance of a kind is to approach it too abstractly and to falsify it. Here an analogy is drawn between the philosophical historian and the art critic who seeks to understand a work of art not as an instance of a kind but as what it is.

The analogy is not to be pressed too far, however, for there is nothing in it which corresponds to the second theme; the concept of reason as an inner logic in reality upon which rest the notions of development and progress proper to philosophical history. The appropriate analogy here is with the history of science, where such notions can be applied because scientific theories arise through a rational criticism of their predecessors. The concepts of historical development and progress thus involve the notion that an idea (scientific or otherwise) be subject to change "by means which bear *directly* and *internally* upon the content of the original idea". But this analogy in turn must not be pressed too far, for the history of science traces the development of a concept and not of actual, historical individuals.

Philosophical history must reconcile these apparently conflicting demands. It must recognize the concrete individuality of historical events and yet render them rational by revealing their inner logic. The key to Hegel's attempt to satisfy this demand, Professor O'Brien illuminatingly argues, lies in a relation he sees between his account of the role of history (from "one is free" to "some are free" to "all are free") and the dialectic of the master-slave relationship in the *Phenomenology of Mind*. To be conscious of oneself requires being conscious that others recognize one's value as an individual. At the first stage of the master-slave relationship this recognition is extracted by compulsion. Here, only one is free. Such a situation is, however, inherently unstable, for one can gain satisfaction from the recognition of oneself as an individual only when such recognition is freely given and not forcibly extracted. Hence, ultimately, it is possible only in a society where all are free. It follows that for Hegel history is primarily political. It is the story of the way in which men practise their freedom in social groups as, through an internal criticism of their own practices, they come to see what is necessary to actualize their original desire for self-consciousness.

A notable feature of the work of Professor O'Brien develops these themes is his consistent attempt to read Hegel intelligible in non-Hegelian terms. Paradoxically, however, this leads to his most arguable claim, namely that a tendency to play down some aspects of Hegel's thought which have aroused so much hostility Hegel has, for example, been wrongly revoked as an a priori determinism in history. Professor O'Brien concedes that in the *Phenomenology* Hegel attempted to deduce the necessity for the historical development of Reason. Yet in his conclusions he disregards this concern by presenting Hegel's view as though it were a filling out of intuitions that "history is an intelligible study of individuals". But this were all that philosophical history amounted to, it would be difficult to see how the metaphysical perspective, which lies behind his particular plot Hegel assigns to history, could be more than one among a number of possible perspectives supporting a number of possible plots. Such perspectives might, indeed, render Hegel more congenial to modern historians and philosophers of history but it is hardly compatible with his own intellectual ambitions.

In similar vein Professor O'Brien treats Hegel's claim that in history Spirit becomes actually what it was potentially as no more than an assistance upon the importance of man's belief in human freedom. In explaining human progress, Hegel is Spirit which actualizes itself in history, and though Spirit works sometimes through human beliefs it is not identical with it. And this the claim many have found disturbing.

Despite a number of reservations of this sort, *Hegel on Reason and History* is an extremely welcome addition to a not always perspicuous literature. If one is able to tolerate one's points of disagreement with Professor O'Brien with a degree of clarity this is, in the measure, a consequence of the clarity which he himself has introduced into the discussion.

Worlds apart

By David Watkin

GILLIAN DARLEY:
Villages of Vision
152pp. The Architectural Press. £7.95.

Gillian Darley has produced an attractive book on an attractive subject, which is basically the English-man's anti-urbanism, his desire to live, or to appear to be living, in the country. This desire has extended through the different classes of society so that, for example, London could never boast the number of private palaces that can still be found in Paris or Rome. The English aristocracy and upper classes lived for the most part in the country and only rented London houses for a short term or a season. Significantly, when death duties and taxation in the twentieth century made it impossible for them to continue maintaining great houses both in the country and the town, not a single family chose to go on owning and inhabiting his London house. Miss Darley is concerned with a different aspect of the same rural obsession. She defines the scope of her book clearly on the first page as "the planned settlements in Britain, estate villages, industrial, religious or political communities" whose builders "took as a basic assumption the feasibility of building and creating an immediate community". She emphasizes that

> village life has represented the fulfilment of an ideal on many levels over a long period. Whether it has been the positive picture of a self-sufficient community, the semi-utopian vision of country life or merely the visual charm of a cottage group—village green and church spire—the pervasiveness of this picture has affected writers, painters, politicians and reformers who have contrasted these values against the inverted standards commonly attributed to city life.

The theme is thus an important one and has much in common with Raymond Williams's *The Country and the City* (1973), though Miss Darley's interpretation of the English achievement is fortunately less soured. None the less her attitude towards her subject-matter is not always clear: since she sometimes uses the pejorative language of pre-war modernism which is still fashionable in architectural circles: the belief that art ought to be "real" and "natural", that it should be progressive rather than reflective or imitative because that leads to "fakes" or "shams". She thus states that "the tendency to adopt architectural styles of extreme irrelevancy, the epitome of which must be the Jacobethan railway station, is a reflection of escapist tendencies which range from mock Gothic through to Tudor eaves in suburbia"; and complains that this leads to "the creation of fake villages and the recreation of rural life out of context". But the whole of civilized achievement is, in a sense, "escapist", "unreal", "unnatural" and "artificial" and is built up painfully as a veneer on top of brute reality.

Architecture is about image-making and we learn from this book how many different images there have been about what a village is. It is as false to imply that there is some architectural "real" village in comparison with which those discussed in this book are escapist shams, as to imply that there is some natural consensus of opinion as to what railway stations ought to look like.

The first few chapters of *Villages of Vision* discuss the estate villages of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries such as the little-known Chippenham in Cambridgeshire of 1702-12, New Houghton, Nuneham Courtenay, Hinwood, Milton Abbas, East Stratton and Belsay. All these were formally planned with more or less identical cottages standing in rigid lines. The impact of Picturesque theory revolutionized the layout and appearance of estate villages and Miss Darley rightly stresses the importance of one of the first and most successful of these new villages, Nash's Blaise Hamlet, built in 1810 for the elderly relatives of J. S. Harford at nearby Blaise Castle.

Blaise established the notion that a village is inherently Picturesque. The nine quaintly asymmetrical cottages with their twisted chimneys, thatched verandahs and dovecotes, artfully strung out round the edge of a village green dominated by a tall pump-cum-sundial, turned Blaise overnight into the first beauty spot. Among the progeny of Blaise Miss Darley includes Somerleyton, Holly Village at Highgate for Baroness Burdett Coutts, Harlaxton and Old Warden in Bedfordshire, where the inhabitants by aid of red cloaks and tall hats were made to harmonize with the red paintwork of their thatched cottages.

To Nash is also due what Miss Darley calls in the title of one chapter "Villadom". The Tudor and Italianate villas of Nash's Park Villages East and West on the edge of Regent's Park developed on a grander scale the theme established at Blaise and provided the inspiration for the Duke of Devonshire's estate village at Edensor developed from 1838 onwards. In the later nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, when we move on the one hand from Saltaire to Port Sunlight and Bournville, and on the other from Bedford Park to Hampstead Garden Suburb, Letchworth and even Portmeirion, the material necessarily becomes more extensive and more varied. However, there is a sense in which even here we are still seeing the application to different conditions and requirements of the old estate-village imagery, whether formal (pre-Nash) or Picturesque (post-Nash). The relation of all these types to each other is on the whole obscured rather than clarified by the fact that the book is broken down into too many short chapters, fifteen in all, some with rather strained and bizarre titles like "Orphanages and Aesthetic Retreats". The retreats described in this chapter include two totally different conceptions of the village: Devey's heavily timbered cottages at Penshurst and, rather unexpectedly, Butterfield's bleaker estate village for the Dawnay family at Baldersby in Yorkshire. Both date from the same decade, the 1850s, and Miss Darley compares and contrasts them with perception and sensitivity, noting in particular at Penshurst the pictorial quality of the work by Devey, a pupil of John Sell Cotman. She writes: "The construction of these cottages, which were phenomenally expensive, paralleled the minuteness of vision of the topographic draughtsmen or, indeed, the sort of observation that gives Victorian narrative painting an almost three-dimensional effect."

If only there had been room in a book already packed with information, it would have been desirable to have had more on Port Sunlight. Here from 1888 onwards nearly all the architectural, pictorial, social and philanthropic themes traced in Miss Darley's book were unforgettably if oppressively combined under the guidance and at the expense of Lord Leverhulme. Down the centre runs a great Beaux-Arts avenue with an art gallery at one end and a soap factory at the other; cultural and physical cleansing. Placed off this axis was a variety of improving institutions including an "Undenominational" church, a temperance hotel, the Gladstone Hall, a technical institute and a girls' club.

Two developments different from Port Sunlight were New Earswick near York, designed from 1902 for the Rowntrees by Raymond Unwin and later Barry Parker, and Whiteley Village in Surrey, built from 1911 by the munificence of William Whiteley of Whiteley's Stores for retired members of the commercial and agricultural profession. Earswick was laid out on a casual, somewhat Scandinavian plan and its inhabitants were kept busy bicycling through the birches to the Folk Hall; the more elderly occupants of Whiteley are contained, as Miss Darley's remarkable aerial photograph reveals, within a perfect octagon vying in symmetry with Sforzinda and dominated by straight streets radiating out from a centrally placed statue of William Whiteley who was, alas, murdered in 1907.

From the final chapter of *Villages of Vision*, which summarizes the present bleak situation, one can draw the lesson that the modern collectivist state, by destroying the family as the basis of society and as the stimulus to the creation of wealth, has destroyed, among other things, the village: as Miss Darley observes, "there is little cause for optimism in the future of the village." Her fascinating and lively book, which will not be the last word on this important subject, concludes with a useful gazetteer of post-seventeenth-century planned villages in England and Wales.

Gillian Darley has compiled an exhibition, "The Idea of the Village: An Illustrated Survey of the Planned Village", which is to be seen at the Architectural Association, 34-36 Bedford Square, London W.C.1, until March 26. The exhibition, which will subsequently be taken to Wales, is sponsored by the Arts Council together with the Eastern Arts Association and the Welsh Arts Council.

All the winners

By Henry D'Avigdor Goldsmid

RICHARD STONE REEVES and PATRICK ROBINSON:
Classic Lines
A Gallery of the Great Thoroughbreds
179pp. Michael Joseph. £24.50.

Richard Stone Reeves is in a very real sense the Annigoni of the blood horse and this sumptuously produced volume is described by his publishers as representing his life work. Those owners of successful racehorses who have money to spare may well like the idea of buying an extra chance of immortality for their champion by getting Mr Reeves to record what he looked like in his prime, but it may be significant that none of his paintings, according to the jacket of *Classic Lines*, have ever been sold at public auction, so their owners are able to claim the tag of "priceless" for their proud possession.

Patrick Robinson, Mr Reeves's collaborator, has had the problem of finding a connecting link between Mr Reeves's sitters; this he has achieved by consulting their pedigrees selectively so that without having to go back so far as the Darley Arabian or the Byerley Turk, he is able to satisfy his readers that like the Colonel's Lady and Judy O'Grady they are all sisters under the skin, to the extent that they have a common ancestor in Hyperion, Nearco, Man o' War, Northern Dancer or Ribot.

Lord Derby contributes an interesting foreword in which he discloses that Stubbs started life at Knowsley as a pupil to the resident artist Winstanley, but departed without leaving any of his work behind. He also reports that the late George Lambton, by reputation a good judge of blood horses in this country, thought that if he had not grown, Hyperion would infallibly have won the Pony Derby at Northolt. Another famous misjudgment was Cecil Boyd Rochfort's calling of Ragusa from the animals sent to him to train by his unlucky client, Harold Guggenheim, the colt's breeder. Ragusa was bought at the sales by Paddy Prendergast for less than £5,000, but it was hard to visualize him as an outstanding bargain.

Mr Robinson has clearly seen a lot of racing on both sides of the Atlantic. His writing is brisk, well informed and full of appropriate anecdotes, leaving the impression that he is giving a live television commentary on the horses and racecourses portrayed.

Several of these pictures are not taken from life, but they are no worse for that and there is much wisdom in Lord Derby's astute comment that "commissions to most artists call for an exact likeness of the horse rather than an attractive picture". Within this limitation Mr Reeves has done well both by his sitters and their owners and his publishers have done exceptionally well by him.

The perils of Podge

By P. D. James

H. MONTGOMERY HYDE:
The Cleveland Street Scandal
266pp. W. H. Allen. £5.95.

On July 4, 1889, Police Constable Luke Hanks, who was attached to the Post Office, was interviewing a fifteen-year-old telegraph messenger boy named Charles Thomas Swinscow about a sum of 18s found in his possession. Money had been stolen from the Receiver-General's Department and suspicion had naturally fallen on a lad, paid a few shillings a week, who had so much cash in hand. The boy claimed that he had fourteen shillings only and had earned it by private work for a gentleman called Hammond who lived at 19 Cleveland Street, a street situated between the Middlesex Hospital and Tottenham Court Road. Pressed about the nature of this extremely lucrative part-time employment the boy at last admitted: "I will tell you the truth. I got it by going to bed with gentlemen at his house."

His subsequent statement implicated a procurer e fellow employee named Henry Newlove who worked as e clerk, and on July 6 Newlove was arrested by Chief Inspector Abberline, Hammond, the brothel-keeper, having made his escape. On his way to the police station Newlove remarked to Abberline: "I think it is hard that I should get into trouble when men of high position are allowed to walk about free."

With this understandably aggrieved comment the great Cleveland Street scandal broke. Before the affair finally ended it had given rise to three remarkable trials: the first for gross indecency, the second for criminal libel, and the third for conspiracy to defeat the course of justice. The climax of the extended drama was a debate in the House of Commons initiated by Henry Labouchere, the editor of *Truth* and a Liberal MP. It was Labouchere's notorious amendment to the Criminal Law Amendment Bill of 1885 to insert a new clause making homosexual acts between men, whether in private or public, a criminal offence, which had given rise to the original prosecutions and he might, therefore, be said to have played a crucial part in the affair from start to finish.

Living with Hammond in Cleveland Street was George Daniel Veck, an ex-Post Office employee who posed as a clergyman. The two men stood the trial in September 1889 on a long and complicated indictment that included procuring and conspiracy. The Crown accepted pleas of guilty in respect of the indecency charge and the other charges were not pressed. Veck received nine months' hard labour and Newlove four. But public and private interest was centred on more important figures, and the question asked by Newlove was being widely echoed, particularly in the radical press. The British public had scented sexual deviancy in high places.

Among the men implicated by Newlove in his statement were the sons of two dukes, the Earl of Euston, eldest son of the seventh Duke of Grafton, and Lord Arthur Sonnet, familiarly known as "Podge", third son of the eighth Duke of Beaufort, a major in the Royal Horseguards and superintendent of the Prince of Wales's stables. The inquiry into the case against Lord Arthur proceeded slowly and cautiously and not altogether without official interference. The evidence, although strong, was tainted and the Lord Chancellor wrote on October 7 from Balmoral Castle:

> I entirely concur in the views so forcibly put forward . . . that an unsuccessful prosecution would be a moot serious injury to the public morals without any compensating advantage . . . if, as is alleged in these papers, the social position of some of the parties will make a great sensation which will give very wide publicity and consequently will spread very extensively matter of the most revolting and mischievous kind, the spread of which I am satisfied will produce enormous evil.

Lord Arthur had powerful friends and many of them, including the Prince of Wales, believed in his innocence. But on October 18 his nerve broke. He was expected to dine in the mess at the Hyde Park barracks, but when his fellow officers, alarmed at his non-appearance and obviously thinking that he had taken the honourable way out, went to his room they found it empty both of its occupant and his belongings. Lord Arthur, as Labouchere put it, had bolted. On November 16, while in Monaco, he learnt from his solicitor, Arthur Newton, that a warrant had at last been issued for his arrest.

On the day this news reached Lord Arthur the *North London Press*, a radical journal mainly concerned with vanilleting the sclevances of the working class, published a paragraph which gave rise to the second trial, that of its editor, Ernest Parke, for criminal libel:

> In an issue of the 28th September we stated that among the number of aristocrats who were mixed up in an indescribably loathsome scandal in Cleveland Street, Tottenham Court Road, were the heir to a Duke and the younger son of a Duke. The man to whom we thus referred were the Earl of Euston, eldest son of the Duke of Grafton, and Lord H. Arthur G. Somerset, a younger son of the Duke of Beaufort. The former we believe has departed for Peru. The latter, having resigned his commission and his office of Assistant Equerry to the Prince of Wales, has gone too.

These men have been allowed to leave the country, and thus defeat the ends of justice, because their prosecution would disclose the fact that a far more distinguished and more highly placed paraonage than themselves was inculpated in these disgusting crimes.

This was the first, unmistakable newspaper allusion to the involvement of Prince Albert Victor, the elder son of the Prince of Wales, in the Cleveland Street scandal.

Lord Euston, unless his guilt were to be universally assumed, had little choice but to sue, and did so successfully, the story being that he had entered the Cleveland Street house only once and that by mistake. A stranger, meeting him in Piccadilly, had slipped a card into his hand advertising poser *plastiques* at the address. When he finally decided to try the entertainment offered and found that it was of a somewhat different type from that advertised he had left the house in disgust after threatening to knock Hammond down. The principal witness for the defence, a transvestite homosexual called Saul referred to later in *Reynolds's Newspaper* as "unquestionably a filthy, loathsome, detestable beast", was hardly likely to impress the jury, particularly as the judge reminded them: "Of course, you only have the oath of Lord Euston against the oath of this man. It is necessary for me to speak out, and you will have to ask yourselves which oath you prefer." The evidence of identification was weak and confusing and the jury returned their verdict of "guilty of libel without justification" after an hour.

The end of the trial was remarkable for the apparent reluctance of Mr Justice Hawkins to sentence the defendant and his leniency when he did. Twelve months' imprisonment without hard labour was held to be a libel which, in any age, would have been regarded as extremely serious. But this did not propitiate the radical press continued to fulminate against the authorities while expressing the hope that "the judge and jury, having exculpated and whitewashed the future Duke, his ardour for witnessing exhibitions of nude females will be somewhat cooled in future".

The third and final trial was that of Lord Arthur's solicitor, Newton who together with his clerk was prosecuted for conspiracy to defeat the course of justice. Part of the charge was that he had collected together the key boy witnesses who had been released from police custody with a view to getting them out of the country. The defendant's way was that the duke had wished to interrogate the boys privately, free from police harassment, with a view to testing for himself the truth of his son's story; it was an explanation which the duke corroborated.

Newton was found guilty and sentenced to imprisonment for six months which he served in Holloway, then a male prison. He found the experience highly disagreeable but it didn't hinder his subsequent highly successful and lucrative career, which culminated in his defence of Crippen. He continued to walk with agility the straight and narrow path between right and wrong, no doubt to his clients' satisfaction. [illegible] July 1915 [illegible] to three years' penal servitude for fraud and obtaining money by false pretences, and was subsequently struck off the rolls.

By the time Newton went to prison, public interest in the scandal had largely waned. It was at its height during the Parke trial in January 1890 and in February when Labouchere initiated his debate on it in the House of Commons basing his motion on the fact that certain officiel persons had conspired together to defeat the course of justice. He spoke for an hour and a quarter against the Government, vigorously attacking Lord Salisbury, the Prime Minister. It took the Attorney General over an hour and a half to reply in the debate and the credibility of the defence was reflected in a Government majority of 140.

H. Montgomery Hyde recounts the sordid legal battles with clarity. Given the appearance of Christopher Sykes's biography of Evelyn Waugh—which he knew to be on the way when he was writing his book—Gene Phillips SJ was e shade hubristic in his choice of subtitle. For most of such facts as he gives are more fully covered there, while on delicate areas where on outsider might fruitfully have rushed in (such as Ivor Claire's cowardice and Waugh's own incompatibility with the army on the BBC Intercession [illegible] at all, there he defers to Mr Sykes. All the same, his short book is better than its prose style suggests, and usefully supplements the biography at various points.

Wa (or at any rate I) learn from Fr Phillips that Pinfold was the name of a former owner of Waugh's house, Pipers Court; that *Brideshead* originally stressed the physical resemblance of Julia and Sebastian, but this was struck out in proof; that the fifth-column priest in *Men at Arms* may have been based on an experience of its author's; that Marie Stopes protested to *The Tablet* about the use of her name in *Black Mischief*; that *Helena* was the one of his books which Waugh chose to read aloud to his family. There is more about the film of *The Loved One*, which MGM seem to have inherited from a bankrupt firm which had meant to make it with Alec Guinness. Fr Phillips also pays more attention than Mr Sykes to the "Compassion" episode in *Unconditional Surrender* and to the changes which Waugh subsequently made in the one-volume version of the trilogy. His history, overlooked by Mr Sykes, concerns Waugh's marvellous contempt on Will Rogers's view of didactic art.

The book has its cantankerous statements—for example, that Sebastian was partly based on Keith Douglas, or that Waugh's anti-modernism first surfaced in *A Handful of Dust*—what about Grophus figure in *Decline and Fall*—and a sprinkling of solecisms. Some of these are on the [illegible] level, but it is seriously misleading to suggest that Waugh was made a Companion of Literature by the Crown (from which he received no honours other than, presumably, campaign ribbons) or that he went to Yugoslavia as part of "Brigadier General Maclean's Special Air Service". The English too (of which the author is an associate professor) would have made its subject wince. And now to war with Waugh's hero one chapter ends.

It would be easy to overstress such things, or to mock the jacket, which seems to show a smiling, secular Christian with Waugh in an attitude of doubtful, most unsolicited adoration. All the same we could wall have dispensed with even a impeccable commentary until more of Waugh's own writings had been published; his travel and review articles (only partly listed in Fr Phillips's bibliography), his diaries and, above all, the splendid letters which his biographer has quoted.

POSTAGE: INLAND 9p; ABROAD 7p
SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK N.Y. AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE TIMES NEWSPAPERS LTD, PRINTING HOUSE SQUARE, GRAY'S INN ROAD, LONDON, WC1X 8EZ. AGENTS: AUSTRALIA: GORDON & GOTCH (A/SIA) LTD. CANADA: GORDON & GOTCH (CANADA) LTD. NEW ZEALAND: GORDON & GOTCH (N.Z.) LTD. U.S.A.: MAILING AGENTS: MERCURY MAILINGS INC., 540 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022.

In the steps of Pinfold

By John Willett

GENE D. PHILIPS:
Evelyn Waugh's Officers, Gentlemen, and Rogues
The Fact behind his Fiction
180pp. Chicago: Nelson-Hall. $9.95.

The machinations of Lady Midhurst

By Brigid Brophy

A. C. SWINBURNE:
A Year's Letters
Edited by F. J. Sypher
196pp. Peter Owen. £5.

Like many novels by young writers, *A Year's Letters* is an autobiographical account of a love affair. Swinburne wrote it in 1862, the year in which he became twenty-five, and the love it commemorates is an obviously raging passion for *Les Liaisons Dangereuses*.

There could not be an object more deserving of a writer's attentions. Hypnotized by the ophidian beauty of Laclos's masterpiece, Swinburne came, to my mind, very much closer than usual to creating an organized work of art. Over a length of some 70,000 words, it maintains a surface that I can only describe with adjectives (succinct, worldly, cynical, witty and funny) that have not previously been my instant associations to the name of Swinburne; and, with only a few sags and struggles, it sticks to a quite pointed point.

Swinburne first published the novel, fifteen years after he wrote it, in *The Tatler*. It appeared under the authorship of "Mrs Horace Manners" and with the dedication "To My Husband". In 1905 it was issued as a volume. This time Swinburne used his own name, but his name for the novel was demoted into the subtitle. The title became *Love's Cross-Currents*—at the insistence of Theodore Watts-Dunton, who also replaced Mr Manners as the recipient of the dedication.

This information I borrow from the present edition, which is supported by a grant from a foundation and produced spiritually and bodily, in the USA. To look at and to touch, it is ugly. In virtually every other way, however, it is as scholarly a posthumous tribute as a writer could hope for. The text is from Swinburne's manuscript (other recent editions have, it seems, used the slightly expurgated text of 1905) and it is surrounded by a full apparatus of bio-bibliography and exegesis, down to such luxuries as the reproduction of a sub-Climis mentioned by one of the characters and a positive sense of humour in the editor.

The one essential it lacks is a family tree of the characters. Swinburne's liaisons are dangerously woven within a group of English upper-class cousins and second cousins. They are all distantly dominated by old Lady Midhurst who, as grandmother to some and aunt to the rest, wields enough informal authority to play the Norn, instigating loves and then shearing them short. The relationships are listed in the explanatory notes at the back, and Swinburne's own prefatory narrative declares that it has disclosed enough family history to make "the ensuing correspondence" (which in liberal-minded fact covers not a year but thirteen months) "comprehensible without interpolated notes or commentaries"; but readers who are not adept at mental kinship would be wise to interpolate a diagram.

It is in the personage of Lady Midhurst, whom he claimed as "entirely a creature of my own invention", that Swinburne stretches his imagination and, at the same time, eases the transposition of Laclos's world to Victorian England. He equips her with a French mother, with the result that chunks of her letters are actually in French and much of the gossip she remembers from her youth is about French society under the Ancien Régime. She recounts stories about Sade's mother-in-law, who is nicknamed "Madame la Présidente" after the person in *Les Liaisons Dangereuses*—a most shocking book of the time". Lady Midhurst writes, without naming it, to her granddaughter, "which I hope you will never dream of reading".

Like Miss Crawley in *Vanity Fair*, Lady Midhurst is a historical leftover. Swinburne squeezes a very nice social comedy from the contrast between the tight-lacing, the social hypocrisies, of the old woman, who is a surviving female Regency rake, and the padding, the spiritual hypocrisies, of the new generation. His portrait of her is admirably ambiguous. He salutes her verve; and in the person of her grandson Reggie (whom he described as "a rather rainured photograph" of himself) he salutes and suffers from her cruelty.

The group of first and second cousins comprises 2f. and 3m. When the letters begin, the 2f. are married, one of them to 1m. That leaves 2m. unmatched. Lady Midhurst invites dalliances between each of them and one of the married women. In the spirit of Laclos's characters, Lady Midhurst seeks her own sexual pleasures in controlling the sexual impulses of others, particularly where she has herself an erotic investment—as she has in Reggie, from whom she is held back, she says, only by "the canon of our church about men's grandmothers". Her incitements to love, which take the form of deprecations of any such possibility, are both gratifications and punishments of herself. When the dalliances look like becoming full-blown love affairs and passing beyond her control, she derives the same ambivalent pleasure from destroying them. True to her epoch, she enjoys the danger of a dangerous liaison but goes in dread of open rebellion against the social rules.

The love between Reggie and his married second cousin is ended by Lady Midhurst through an act of blackmail. In ending the other, she has the help of an accident. Here it emerges that the nexus of cousinships was necessary to Swinburne not only to introduce the frisson of near-incest but also to make the irony of the accident, and the cynicism of Lady Midhurst's response to it, work as limbs of the plot. Amicia's husband (and second cousin) Lord Cheyne is drowned during a sailing trip. The person who thereupon inherits the family title, fortune and mansion (the alto of Amicia's married life) is her other second cousin, who is her would-be lover. Amicia retires into her grandmother's care and a depressing compounded of bereavement and guilt—at adultery committed in the heart. What Lady Midhurst conceals as long as she can is that Amicia is also pregnant. Should the baby be a girl, Lady Midhurst plans to let Amicia marry her true love. But if it is a boy and the would-be lover is banished from Amicia's life at the same time as he is ousted from his seeming inheritance by the posthumous heir.

Swinburne does not confine himself entirely to the epistolary form he adopted from Laclos. He prefixes an address to the reader ("Dear Madam") which, in a tone of pure Wildean force, describes the story as unreflective since it implies that married Englishwomen are capable of preferring other men to their husbands. Then he opens his story with his passage of third-person narrative—which, besides recounting, rather distantly, the family antecedents, gives a close and vivid description of the first meeting between Reggie and Frank, the cousins doomed to be the dispossessed lovers of the later development. It is, not surprisingly, the subject of flogging that excites Swinburne to a brilliant scene. Reggie, "a boy of the world" at eleven, so boasts to the nine-year-old Frank of the pains inflicted on Reggie (and awaiting Frank when he goes to school) that Frank is incited into whipping (by consent) Reggie.

It is a sado-masochistic seduction. The scene stands as a queasy, surrealist fragment on its own, and it also presages the tone of relationships to come: specifically the tone of Lady Midhurst's comradely, incestuous love for Reggie ("If I could have taken you with me from the first and reared you . . . I would have broken you in better. I would, regardless of all expense in birch") and in general the perversity that pervades the whole correspondence, where one induces by deplorable, where the injunction to keep a letter secret is meant, and acted on, as a command to send it on by the next post to a third correspondent, and where Lady Midhurst's hope that Amicia will not dream of reading *Les Liaisons Dangereuses* is, presumably, an expression of her just literary judgment that it is a classic that should be read by everyone.

Placed so saltently, the disclosure that Reggie is committed to misbehave in order to induce puckishment as a corrective is perhaps an autobiographical cry by Swinburne for someone to respond to his temperament in its own terms. It comes tripping to my critical tongue to regret that Swinburne seldom again attempted such a disciplined literary form; and the thought is no sooner shaped then I recognize that the very idea of discipline was for him erotic and that he was committed to indiscipline in order to incur disciplining. Watts-Dunton did his best by nannying the early novel back into print. But if he had been able to read the message so well as Swinburne, if he had only threatened to keep Swinburne away from sobriety, hard work, concentration and adherence to carefully planned structures, he might have made him into a great novelist.

A Yank at the Palace

By T. J. Binyon

WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY Jr:
Saving the Queen
248pp. W. H. Allen. £3.50.

CHARLES TEMPLETON:
The Kidnapping of the President
284pp. Quartet. £3. 75.

Many people often dream of the Queen. And a perfunctory acquaintance with American gossip reveals that almost as many have fantasies about presidents of the United States. But whereas the dreams are very proper, the fantasies almost invariably are not. William Buckley, editor of *The National Review*, the stinging wasp of the American right, has artfully blended the constituents of these unconscious and conscious imaginings in a concoction so smooth, bland and ultimately distasteful as tinnad vichyssoise.

Saving the Queen is set in the early 1950s; Queen Caroline has recently ascended the throne following the death, in an air crash, of the Queen and Princess Margaret. Consanguineous complexities are never made clear, but she presumably succeeds as the daughter of a hypothetical deceased royal duke. A succession, therefore, comparable to that of Queen Victoria, of whom Mr Buckley seems to be thinking when he describes Caroline as "eccentric, autocratic, desirable, feared and quite frankly beloved".

Caroline's home life is, however, very unlike that of our own dear Queen. She displaces her husband, Richard, a left-wing bore, and bundles him off unceremoniously to attend the state funerals of a Scandinavian royal personage, while she—not even in black gloves—gives a party for the daughter of the American President; she has a penchant for "gauzy light-blue" dresses, with a "cleavage" (*décrachure* would, perhaps, be a better word here) revealing skin "the colour of cream"; and her royal wave is modelled on her aunt's advice: "Try it so if you wore slowly unwinding a large bottle top." One can only attribute the manoeuvre's success to Caroline's unfamiliarity with bottle tops.

Queen Caroline shows more of her great-great-grandmamma's blood when she insists that her Prime Minister should report to her in great detail, especially on American progress towards the hydrogen bomb. And here the plot, like an engorged boa-constrictor, slowly begins to move; for the CIA have discovered a security leak within the Queen's entourage.

Blackford Oakes, a young American with a "primal experience" on his "psychological profile", is launched on to London society by the CIA to trace the leak. Wildly successful, this "man-boy" with an "over-intelligibly mischievous expression" is soon invited to Windsor ("My God, Oakes, your instructions were to penetrate society, maybe the court. Not the Queen"), and a few "finger sandwiches" and bottles of champagne later, the paranomastic snigger is justified as Blackford gets the name of the traitor out of the Queen and the "primal experience" out of his system: "Suddenly . . . it just came . . . streaming out", he reports to his superior.

Blackford is a very right-wing all-American hero, endowed above average in every respect ("Doucette was . . . uttering squeals of delight at Blackford's proportions"); he achieves ultimate apotheosis twenty years later when he suavely reduces the Rockefeller panel investigating the CIA to impotent frustration: o state. Mr Buckley evidently considers highly desirable for anyone left of centre.

"It might be said of the Americans that they abhor the monarchy but adore royalty", remarks Charles Templeton: an opposite comment on *Saving the Queen*, but irrelevant to *The Kidnapping of the President*, a tough, competent thriller in which a group of South American revolutionaries hold the President to ransom in the middle of Times Square. Here the fantasy is under strict control and Gerry Regan, Special Agent in Charge of the White House Detail, United States Secret Service, a credible figure. *The Kidnapping of the President*, by ignoring the issue, makes a far more convincing case for the existences of the CIA and the Secret Service than did Mr Buckley's special pleading.

The bird has flown

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS:
Moise and the World of Reason
190pp. W. H. Allen. £3.25.

The narrator of Tennessee Williams's second novel, who describes himself as a failed, distinguished writer of thirty, is suffering from a shortage of paper, among other misfortunes. He starts by recording his thoughts in Blue Boys, school exercise books sent to him from a factory near his hometown of Thelma, Alabama, then he tries using the backs and envelopes of rejection slips. He has plenty of these, for editors find him sexually hysterical. From there he moves on to the pieces of cardboard which were placed inside his lover's shirts by the Oriental Laundry. His lover has been dead for some time, so the cardboard is old and smells of cockroaches.

As a sensitive Southerner he has to hesitate for the space of a paragraph before he can bring himself to write the word "cockroaches", and he admits to being panicky about meeting strange readers in print, but he spares them no detail of his love life. Between the ages of fifteen and twenty-eight—thirteen passionate years—he lived in a corner of a warehouse with a light-skinned negro ice-skater named Lonce, who finally took one spectacular jump too many. New Lance has been replaced by Charlie, a red-headed Texan youth designed by Praxiteles, who uses the narrator's urine as aftershave. When Charlie goes off with a handsome young man with baby brown eyes called Big Lot, the writer turns for spiritual consolation to Moise (it rhymes with Eloisa).

Moise, a creature of spectral beauty and Buddhistic calm, wanders through the book in a see-through dress, except when she disguises herself as a robbi to visit an old man of eighty-seven in a Jewish hospital and stimulate him with love play. She gives a party to announce that she is leaving the world of reason. Some guests doubt whether the announcement is necessary.

What really depresses the narrator is meeting himself thirty years on, in the shape of a drunk, derelict, desperately lonely playwright, sorting through recollections like a pack of old Tarot cards and writing bad poems on hotel paper. "What is the future of a being with a chronically inflamed libido when the bird of youth has flown out of body and soul?" asks the narrator; and as any of Mr Williams's heroines could tell him, he cannot expect an encouraging answer.

Sylvia Clayton

Grammar takes a trip

By David Carter

JANET ROBHOUSE:
Everybody Who Was Anybody
A Biography of Gertrude Stein
244pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £5.95.

GERTRUDE STEIN:
How to Write
With a new preface and introduction by Patricia Meyerowitz
395pp. Dover/Constable. Paperback, £2.50.

It is a striking tribute to the perplexity into which Gertrude Stein throws her readers that it is often impossible to tell her admirers from her detractors. Thus John Malcolm Brinnin in his otherwise admiring biography *The Third Rose* wrote:

> Even her admirers despair when they must account for the discrepancy between the sunny, wise and deeply erudite cost of mind and spoken words, and the vast wastes of utter "thoughtlessness" which are most of her written words.

As one who does not find her works, however overlong, in the least thoughtless, I find it fascinating to read accounts of her life which whittle down her ability and influence to some vague personal presence which evaporated as soon as she left the room. Janet Hobhouse's *Everybody Who Was Anybody* adds little to our knowledge of the facts of her life apart from being rather more explicit about the lesbian influences around Miss Stein at college, and about the lifelong relationship with Alice Toklas. As a superficial description of where she lived and what she did, it is readable, well illustrated, thorough and well documented. As an attempt to understand another human being and a puzzling writer it is lamentable. The tone is one of condescension, irritation and occasionally, of slightly veiled envy or malice, as when she describes the arrangement whereby Stein wrote alone every night and Alice would type it up next morning. "It was like a baby's delight in its own physical processes and Alice, like a mother, would be there to congratulate Gertrude on what had been produced." She appears to resent the ease and self-absorption of Miss Stein's life and even more to hate her claims to genius and importance. Stein's decision to stay in France during the Second World War is dismissed in those words: "Gertrude's courage in this case was simply and characteristically a childish wilfulness".

While much of the criticism directed against her was probably justified—she appears to have been spoilt, opinionated, disloyal and spiteful—it is none the less irrelevant to any judgment of her effect on other writers, for she is known to have influenced Hemingway, Fitzgerald, Sherwood Anderson, Thornton Wilder and even William Carlos Williams. It is even less helpful in attempting to gauge her meaning and intentions as a writer.

The difficulty, I think, has always been that for Gertrude Stein writing was never a way of describing something or creating a believable fictional world, but that for her creation was a state of absorption into the materials with which she was working, a single-mindedness which excluded writing with an effect or purpose in mind, or indeed with a persona or self-image as a writer in her mind. Similarly she rejected any notion of her readers as fans or disciples:

> "What is the difference between a follower and follow me out and suit be so beside. What is the difference between deliberation and delight."

In *How to Write* Stein attempts to show us what she believes language can do and can do. Instead of being used to produce an effect, here language is made to explore itself, something which only writing as opposed to speech (which is communication) can do. Two aspects of language are pointed to in this book: a ground or field of potentiality, and a world or path created by use or in her words:

> "There are two things a dictionary and a country."

The first aspect is grammar or the formal properties of the system.

> "Grammar is a conditional expense."

> "Why is grammar not dull. Because it is a diagram."

We live within this "expense" each sense, and our exploration of it is the living of our lives, since that is the way we make a coherent and sense out of things, a "composition", in her terminology. Grammar gives us an outline or map of the world we face, but although "grammar is a resemblance" it must be used and tested instead of being accepted as some fixed Platonic world of Forms.

> "Grammar is mistaken at times."

> "There is grammar in verification."

I take her stance to be very close to that of William James, her teacher at Harvard, and akin to that of Alfred North Whitehead, with whom she knew quite well, although Whitehead's forms and their "mode of ingression" into reality are a good deal more Platonic than Stein's.

Different kinds of words enable us and even force us to act in different ways:

> "A noun. With putting a heavy thing in its place not without some effort."

Nouns, then, are fixities which we create out of the necessities and repetitions in our experience, while verbs are the vectors of our needs and desires:

> "A verb is then pressure and they go away."

> "Verbs are about to be sent."

Nouns and verbs used together (and Stein insists that meaning emerges only when language is used by someone) enable us to make coherent patterns in our lives.

> "A sentence makes not it told but it hold."

These worlds which we construct are not abstract, logical aridities, because they involve making decisions and taking sides. She distinguishes between sentences which are exploratory units, which trace out change and movement, and paragraphs which tell stories or make judgments.

> "A sentence is not emotional a paragraph is."

> "That is a paragraph because it means yes."

There is an enormous amount in this book, but it can be absorbed only a fragment at a time because her writing demands that the reader postulate a speaker for each sentence, a speaker for whom those words would be a way of being in the world, and this requires an enormous effort of participation. However this was Stein's crusade, to make the effort and reality of language visible once more and to ground it in individual and cultural perspectives on life.

"Who says so should be once again."

Sarah B. Pomeroy's study of women in classical antiquity (from the Bronze Age to Constantine), *Goddesses, Whores, Wives, and Slaves*, is now available in an English edition (265pp. Hale. £4.50). In his enthusiastic review of the American edition (September 26, 1974), Hugh Lloyd-Jones said that Professor Pomeroy's standpoint was that of a reasoned and unbiased sympathy with women's aspirations. She was competent in the techniques of modern anthropology and sociology, and in the interpretation of demographic analysis; she was admirably equipped for her strenuous task. The book, he said, was so well organized and the balance between the different topics so skilfully maintained that every item had its proper place within the whole. Professor Lloyd-Jones added that scholars would find the book indispensable, and general readers would find it both instructive and enjoyable. But "the need for a full-length study remains, and Professor Pomeroy is obviously the person who should undertake it".

The doctor and the dean

By Clive Probyn

A. L. ROWSE:
Jonathan Swift
Major Prophet
240pp. Thames and Hudson: £5.95.

There are many ways of accounting for Swift's apocalyptic fascination in the twentieth century: his fierce and ultimately self-consuming intellectual energy dislocated from public creed and credo; his radical imagination at odds with a stationary zeal of mind; his acerbic view of human progress underpinning a clear-eyed sense of the consumption of human institutions; and above all, perhaps, his tragicomic dualism, perched on a nervous edge and seducing his many critics into constant revaluations. A. L. Rowse's *Jonathan Swift* provides two things: a clear and energetically expounded biography and a series of interpolations linking Swift to their own time, or at least one version of our own time. The interpolations will not please the liberally minded; but then neither does Swift himself.

The transferences made here from the eighteenth century to the twentieth are the simultaneous products of a deep enthusiasm for Swift's writings and an equally deep loathing of modern life. For Dr Rowse the cultural collapse began in the 1930s. Swift's Tory anarchy (Orwell's phrase) delineated madness and delinquency as consanguine in high authority and in individual psychology. For Dr Rowse the modmen are now in control and he firmly ties himself to Swift's vision. The gentle reader is lashed with two whips, and Alecto rides again. Swift attacked deceitful Irish craftsmen (Rowse produces their descendants in the trade union movement), lackeys in the Irish House of Commons (Baldwin's appeasement policy), the sophistry of the corrupted Irish traders (the slovenliness of working-class political consciousness in the twentieth century), the "Yahoo" (which allegedly results from liberal views), not to mention the overwhelming boredom of having to live in a world of "ordinary people", who would be most fittingly employed as mute domestic servants.

To some readers of Swift these commonplaces blend terribly obsession with a *Realpolitik* only too readily applicable to today's political scene, and those interpolations are not digressions but the source of Dr Rowse's fascination with Swift. The result tells us nothing new about the vitality of Swift's satire, a good deal about Dr Rowse's own alienation, and a fair amount about the distortions inherent in such a critical approach to biography. Lawrence of Arabia is surely not much more than a whimsically romantic parallel to Swift; the character of our world is rather more complex then one in which babysitters "not infrequently" murder or kidnap their charges, though few can deny that Arabs have become the international conditions Swift's exaggerations were always deeply felt and functional devices to express and therefore mobilize the public conscience. Dr Rowse's can seem like mere swashbuckling.

The best parts of this biography provide a strong sense of piece and a clear narrative context. Swift's humanity is not undervalued, nor is his charity, the utter desolation of his lonely last years, the richness of his creative battle against romantic interpretations of Swift's love life (a battle long since won for the majority of his critics), but even here there is an emphatic imbalance. Vanessa's troublesome and dominant personality is treated with a nasty salda (we should, says Dr Rowse, be able to excrete some sympathy for her) while Stella, agreeably submissive and pliant tutee, only narrowly escapes becoming Swift's dark lady of the sciosyllabics. The old chestnuts of Swift criticism are warmed over, including the secret marriage to Stella and Dryden's remark to the effect that Swift would never be a poet, but no attempt is made to utilize the considerable body of Swift scholarship in the twentieth century. One feels that this measure of Swift's modern relevance has been forced by Dr Rowse with scab and unfortunate neglect.

Contradictions

By James Sutherland

DAVID DAICHES:
James Boswell and his World
128pp. Thames and Hudson. £3.50.

The series to which *James Boswell and his World* is a welcome addition contains such famous names as Louis XIV, Rousseau, Shakespeare, Nelson and Charles Darwin. It is characteristic of James Boswell that he should succeed in pushing his way into such distinguished company. Forty years ago or less he would never have made it. When I was a small boy growing up in pre-devolution Scotland, I used to pick teams of literary Scotsmen to match against equivalent teams of Englishmen. I had to chase a bit (Burns versus Shakespeare, James Thomson versus Wordsworth), and I certainly scraped the bottom of the barrel. But it never occurred to me to include Boswell, for Macaulay had told me that he was "a man of the meanest and foolishest intellect . . . servile and impertinent, shallow and pedantic, a bigot and a sot, a dunce, a parasite and a coxcomb", and I did not think he could possibly count.

How different it all is now. With the discovery and publication of Boswell's journals it has become possible to see him as he saw himself, and to realize that he lives at once a worse, a much better, and an infinitely more interesting life than Macaulay thought possible. The sorting and cataloguing of the journals, and bringing his own critical intelligence to bear upon them, is able to show us a man in constant conflict with himself, fully aware of what he was doing and what other people were thinking of him, and yet determined to be himself. Boswell was a mass of contradictions, and in his constant dreams of glory a kind of eighteenth-century Walter Mitty. Professor Daiches, drawing attention to the way in which he was always looking for other characters on which to model himself, suggests that he kept searching for a father-figure to replace the rather dour and disapproving Scotsman who had begotten him. It may be so; or perhaps he was just a neoclassical prototype of the puppy-dog kid. No one ever has a kind word for poor Lord Auchinleck, but he had a lot to put up with. At the age of eighteen, instead of settling down to his legal studies, his son fell in love with a Mrs Cowper, who was not only an actress, but, worse still, a Roman Catholic. In February 1760 he shocked his father (as Edward Gibbon had shocked his some years earlier) by writing to say that he intended to become a monk. He was immediately told to return home, but rude off to London instead, and—not yet twenty—was received into the Roman Catholic Church. Lord Auchinleck dealt with this crisis successfully, but was than confronted with his son's request that he would purchase for him a commission in a Guards regiment.

And so it went on. All his life Boswell was to vacillate between contending desires and impulses. As a man he was a good deal more than utopian sensual, but he was equally capable of his own kind of restrainction, and he had always a touching admiration for the good and the great. Above all, he never failed to contemplate himself with undivided interest, and to analyse his motives, often with real shrewdness. It is this modern habit of introspection that set him apart from most of his contemporaries, and that has made the twentieth century receive him as one of its own. Fortunately he also looked outward and brought his analytical [illegible] beer on his contemporaries. Professor Daiches rightly stresses his "sympathetic curiosity" about other people, and remarks on his genius for "drawing people out", and the way in which he subtly adapted his approach to such entirely different men as Rousseau, Voltaire and Johnson. He could also write much better than Macaulay would admit, or than Professor Daiches has cared to emphasize. On the island of Skye, for instance, he notes his delight at having been able to entice Johnson to such a remote part of the world: "I compared myself to a dog who has just got hold of a large piece of meat, and runs away with it to a corner, where he may devour it in peace, without any fear of others taking it from him." Yet always one returns to the strange contradictions in his nature. Boswell sitting in his rooms in Downing Street recovering from an attack of gonorrhoea and reading Hume's *History of England* says it all.

If this admirably illustrated and excellently written volume is one of those "jobs for the booksellers", it is hard to see how it could be better done.

Heaven and hierarchy

By Arthur Wolf

MARCEL GRANET:
The Religion of the Chinese People
Translated and with an introduction by Maurice Freedman
200pp. Oxford: Blackwell. £6.

In his introduction to *The Religion of the Chinese People* Maurice Freedman notes that in the opinion of R. A. Stein, the book Marcel Granet left unfinished at his death in 1940 would have crowned his study of early Chinese society. Freedman then comments: "But one might observe that, dying suddenly at the age of fifty-six, Granet is unlikely to have thought of that book as the culmination of his life's work." How painful it is to read those words: before they were published Freedman also died suddenly, at fifty-four years of age. Another parallel makes the tragedy more poignant still. One might well date the sociological study of China from the publication in 1912 of "Centaures mythologiques de la Chine antique". Student of Durkheim, friend of Mauss, and devotee of the *Année sociologique*, Granet was the first to view China in the light of a general theory of society. But as the last chapter of this book shows, the brilliance he brought to the study of ancient China dimmed as he approached the present. Though Granet spent two years as a student in Peking in 1911-12, his comments on what he saw there are of little interest. The sociological study of modern China did not get under way until the 1930s and did not produce a work to match the best of Granet until Freedman published *Lineage Organization in Southeastern China* in 1958. If students of Chinese society were to commemorate their forebears in the Chinese manner, they would transcur Granet as the spiritual ancestor of a lineage called sociology and Freedman as the founder of that branch of the lineage known as social anthropology.

The Religion of the Chinese People opens with a vivid description of "peasant religion and the condition of China when society was completely rural". In that indefinite past, prior to the development of towns and the emergence of political authority, people lived in small villages on high ground enclosed with thickset hedges. Each village was a homogeneous commune, a great family, in which the only organizing principles were generation and sex. Within the community there were no exclusive institutions and no hierarchical relationships. The oldest member of the most senior generation represented but did not lead his fellows. Men and women pursued separate tasks but on an alternating basis and in a spirit of complete equality. During the wet season the men were busy in the fields. When the grain was threshed and stored they rested, and the women took their turn, spinning hemp and weaving clothes.

From day to day the individual belonged completely to his community, and the awareness of this belonging created a habitual feeling of opposition towards neighbours. "It was only on exceptional occasions that family egoism could feel itself mastered by the vision, than sudden and dazzling, of higher interests never clearly seen in ordinary circumstances." These exceptional occasions were the spring and autumn festivals, when the members of different communities gathered on ground that was holy for everybody. In the spring the emphasis was on sexual communion, for "marriage was made by a crossing of families, just as the fields were made by a crossing of furrows". In the autumn the emphasis shifted to feasting and exchange of the riches produced by the harvest. Both festivals at once affirmed the strength of the family grouping and that of the larger political grouping. Out of the season of society thus aroused emerged Chinese religion: "Public and private cults, ancestor and agrarian cults, even the cult of Heaven."

Here we are in a world inspired by Durkheim's version of the social life of the Australian aborigines, and, as Professor Freedman comments in another context, "we may well gasp at the vividness and richness of the description, wondering after the first impact whether it relates to very much outside of Granet's superb sociological imagination". But there is no point in dwelling on Granet's selective and imaginative use of his sources. He says himself that his opening chapter is the one in which "the part played by the personal equation is the largest". The chapter is best read in the same spirit that most anthropologists now read Freud's equally graphic account of the origin of totemism. It is less an attempt to reconstruct the reality of life in ancient China than a portrayal of Granet's view of the relations between religion and society. The essential point is that religion has as its source a heightened awareness of the social order and does not necessarily involve a commitment to dogma. In ancient China religion was "a completely emotional conception which was to be turned into dogma only after a slow process of reflection".

Chapter 2 moves from "peasant religion" to what Granet termed "feudal religion". The transition was marked by the emergence of towns and the appearance of a nobility whose position depended on the authority of a suzerain. Though contemporary sinologists do not accept every detail of Granet's picture of feudal China, the chapter is a brilliant analysis of that critical period in Chinese history.

In brief, Granet argued that Chinese religion was transformed by a move from egalitarian to hierarchical relationships. Where the earliest religious beliefs of the peasantry were scarcely differentiated from the "confused emotions" and "complex images" from which they were derived, there now appeared a concept of Heaven conceived of as the source and emblem of all authority. "Heaven was a semi-concrete realization of the principle of order which then found expression in social organization through a hierarchy of group chieftains." In the countryside family communism still limited the exercise of parental authority, but in the towns older men derived new strength from their status in the feudal hierarchy. One result was that the peasant conception of an indistinct mass of dead gave way to a definite ancestral cult. By throwing into relief the authority of group heads and the importance of personality, the advent of a feudal regime created well-marked individuals whose souls survived death and could be addressed. Another result was the subordination of women to men and a radical change in people's attitude towards sexuality:

> The two sexes no longer formed two corporations taking turns at work, two groupings of equal importance. . . . Within every man there was a small part of the public power, something sacred. By contrast, women seemed to be of an inferior essence and as though charged with malign power. . . . The men became the chieftain, the women a servant; sexual union retained only a maleficent efficacy; it lost all religious virtue.

In Granet's view the development of Chinese religion was brought about by abstraction, schematization, and impoverishment of the primitive foundation. The process begun in the feudal period was not completed until after the establishment of a unified empire. The end product was an "official religion", the topic of Granet's third chapter. This was the religion of the literati, "a class religion as much by virtue of its professional origins as by that of the character of its adepts". Compared with the spontaneous faith of the old peasant religion and the socially vital religion of the feudal period, the official religion was nothing but an aggregate of rituals and therapeutic practices aimed at social bigotry. "The Chinese had no longer to support anything but the weight of a completely formal conformism and ritual symbolism with practical aims." Granet admits that there may have been a few pious souls who consulted their parents' portraits before any undertaking and "who believed that they knew their feelings from the expression of their faces. But these cases of idolatry were exceptional. In fact, the rites practised to honour of the dead seemed to have no other virtue than that of commemoration".

As Granet moves from China's ancient past through the feudal to the imperial period, his enthusiasm for his subject wanes and so does the force of his analysis. When he states that the official religion was a class religion, one expects bald assertions relating that religion to the interests of the bureaucratic elite. Instead, Granet largely confines himself to a descriptive account of official morality and textbook metaphysics. And if the book's third chapter is less exciting than what has gone before, the two concluding chapters can only be described as disappointing. The fourth, "Religious Revivals", contains brief accounts of Taoism and Buddhism. Granet rightly notes that both faiths were persecuted as heterodox doctrines that encouraged the formation of secretian movements, but he makes no attempt to relate their doctrinal content to their social role. Less satisfying still is the book's final chapter, "Religious Sentiment in Modern China". Granet suggests that "by questioning the peasant masses" we might rediscover the primitive foundations of Chinese religion. Unfortunately, Granet's genius fails him when faced with the reality of life in modern China. Like the missionaries he must have met during his student days in Peking, he is reduced to arguing that the Chinese observe the customs of their country "out of the spirit of tradition and a taste for conformity".

In his introduction Professor Freedman argues that even if it were regarded as mere sinology or ethnography, *The Religion of the Chinese People* "would have been worth translating, for it is to my mind the best single brief work on its subject". Moreover, "It is an important document in the annals of Durkheimian sociology. And it was written by a genius." Though most readers will concur in these judgments, many will still wonder why Freedman took the time to translate a book he recognized as seriously flawed. (He wondered aloud about the evidence for Granet's vivid picture of ancient China, and also expressed dissatisfaction with his treatment of modern China: "The closer we got, under his guidance, to the modern and more fully documented, the remoter and more inadequate it seems to be.") The question is important because this book is the best clue we have to the direction the acknowledged leader of the field would have taken had he lived to continue his work.

Freedman's sympathetic treatment of Granet suggests he felt a kinship with his illustrious forebear, and it is easy to see why Granet took his inspiration from Durkheim's analysis of primitive religion in Australia, modifying his teacher's concepts to produce a powerful interpretation of religion in a complex society. Freedman, in turn, beginning with concepts developed for the study of such African peoples as the Nuer and the Tallensi, reshaped those ideas to produce an entirely original analysis of social life in China.

Indeed, I think it fair to say that the genius of both men lay in their ability to translate from the anthropology of primitive societies to the sociology of complex societies. That both avoided treating China as an aggregation of so many villages, which Freedman once termed "the anthropological fallacy *par excellence*", is nowhere more evident than in their analysis of parental authority. Granet argued that domestic authority in feudal China arose as a direct consequence of the establishment of political authority. "Paternal power radiated in like some fashion and by the same process as the lordly authority from which it derived." Far his part, Freedman maintained that analysis of the Chinese family could not proceed independently of analysis of the Chinese state. If wealthy families were larger and more complex than poor families, the reasons were not entirely demographic. The wealthy as compared with the poor father was better able to control his sons and prevent division of the household. His authority as father was enhanced by his status as a member of the ruling elite.

Freedman's concern to avoid "the risk inherent in the anthropological preoccupation with the small scale" was evident in his earliest work but grew stronger over the years. In an essay published in 1974 he returned to his 1962 review of C. K. Yang's *Religion in Chinese Society* "to discover", as he put it, "that I was less in sympathy with the review than with the book criticized". "It seemed to me that in 1962 I was perched on an anthropological high horse [and] passed too quickly over Yang's main achievement and the possibility of building on it; I mean his interpretation of Chinese religion taken as a whole."

It was in this context that Freedman first revealed his interest in

Granet and in the great Dutch sinologist J. J. M. De Groot, whose journal Freedman was translating at the time of his death. They were presented as having "pointed the way to an understanding of how in modern times the vast hierarchized society of China might be seen to display a single underlying religion taking many guises". The essay concluded by arguing that, Yang's book excepted, the holistic view of Chinese religion has been neglected, primarily because for thirty or forty years "sociological" has meant "anthropological". One consequence has been that "some fragment of Chinese society and religion is studied; not Chinese society and religion as a whole"; another, that "a special peasant's-eye view of China is promoted that inverts but otherwise reproduces the distortion of the Confucian's-eye view".

Freedman translated Granet because he found in Granet's treatment of religion in ancient China a model for the study of religion in modern China. The question that must engage students of Chinese society is where would Granet's inspiration have taken his latter-day disciple. Freedman demonstrated many times his ability to wring new truths out of old concepts. What would he have done with Granet's portrayal of Chinese religion as one entity abstracted from an ancient primitive faith?

In the essay cited above he speaks hopefully of tracing "ruling principles of ideas across a vast field of apparently heterogeneous beliefs". Put this way the task may sound simple, but Freedman immediately warns that "ideas need not be uniform to be common". "They may be reflections, perhaps misshapen reflections, or idiomatic translations of one another, as in their transmission back and forth between social strata, between sect and 'church', between 'church' and 'church', between text and living language, between the cultivated and the popular."

The only illustration we have of the application of these ideas occurs in Freedman's 1968 presidential address to the Royal Anthropological Institute. In that address he compares the beliefs of the gentleman geomancer with those of the peasant priest. From one point of view, there appears to be a metaphysical gulf between the two, "in that one deals in disembodied forces, being a kind of technical practitioner, and the other in anthropomorphous spirits". Yet from another point of view there is no gulf at all, "but rather a neat transformation":

> Just as in Neo-Confucian philosophical writings the concretizing words *shen* and *kuei* (which are ordinarily translatable as gods and demons, respectively) are used for positive and negative spiritual forces, being stripped of their anthropomorphic connotations, so in popular religion a reverse transformation is worked by which the disembodied forces of the geomancer are turned into personal entities.
>
> Where a road leads straight to the door of a house a geomancer may recommend a wall to shield the occupants of the house from baneful mystical forces; for the priest those forces become demons that can travel only in straight lines.

In 1958 Freedman argued that "it is a mistake to treat Chinese ancestor worship as though it were a unified and undifferentiated system of religion in which the beliefs and practices relevant to all parts of it were of the same order". The rites performed for the recent dead at domestic altars and those performed for the remote dead enshrined in lineage halls "represented different parts of group life and different elements in the total cult". In the home people were involved with "dead whom they had known in life and towards whose happiness in the other world they could make some contribution". In the hall ancestor worship was essentially "a means of group action in which the power and status structure of the community was given a ritual expression". Freedman's later work suggests that it is also a mistake to treat the various aspects of ancestor worship as though they were isolated from one another. Though they serve different purposes and must be distinguished, domestic worship and hall worship are related to each other and to Chinese religion as a whole. The ruling principle in this case is an identity of the living with those dead from whom they have taken their descent.

This view of Chinese ancestor worship has an obvious relation to Granet's view of the official religion as an abstraction from the more emotional peasant faith. The difference is that where Granet saw one form of worship as succeeding the other, Freedman saw that in modern if not ancient times, the two forms were aspects of the same cult. Commemorative rites were the rule among the educated elite and among peasants when they gathered to honour their remote forebears in a lineage hall. But in addition to these rites, which served primarily to express abstract social concepts, one also found among the peasantry a form of worship devoted to the welfare of particular people. One might say that where Granet sought to trace the evolution of forms over time, Freedman sought to trace the transformation of forms across social situations. To this extent the two men differed, but in another respect they were of one mind. Both were convinced that beneath the apparent diversity, there was a more fundamental unity. In Freedman's words, "a Chinese religion exists".

Although most of Granet's work was concerned with pre-imperial China, the book he was researching at the time of his death was focused on the eighth and ninth centuries. Had he lived, then, he might well have filled in the history outlined in *The Religion of the Chinese People*. In most of his mature work Freedman was primarily concerned with rural society in south-eastern China, particularly Fukien and Kwangtung provinces. Clearly, however, his interests were expanding towards the study of Chinese society as a whole. Thus there are two reasons to study this translation with care. First, it embodies the concept of Chinese history that guided the founder of the sociological study of China; second, it contains ideas that inspired the leading scholar of our generation to argue for a unified approach to the study of Chinese society.

The myth behind the mask

By Dan Sperber

CLAUDE LEVI-STRAUSS :
La Voie des Masques
Volume 1 : 141pp.
Volume 2 : 145pp.
Geneva : Skira. 110fr.

After the four volumes of *Mythologiques*, what would Claude Lévi-Strauss do next: more myths, or something completely new? Well, he has done both. *La Voie des Masques* is a study of an art form, the masks of the Northwest Coast American Indians, but described in terms of associated myths; in fact, there are more myths than masks considered in this attractive work. Although the book consists of two richly illustrated volumes, the text itself is the size of a long essay and rather than a full-fledged structural study of art, it reads like a prologue.

Lévi-Strauss is not the kind of author who cares only for the text, and leaves all the details of presentation to his publishers. By publishing this book in the imaginative Skira Les Sentiers de la création series, he had full scope for creative production. The outcome is a masterful use of iconography and an unexpectedly sober text, as if the author's customary flamboyance had all been poured into the illustrations. The chapters have neither titles nor exergues, metaphors are scarce, and the complex and sometimes cryptic diagrams of former works have been replaced by a few very simple figures left in the author's hand, as if to say they are mere heuristic props, and not formal models.

The nicest editorial touch is in the choice of the cover illustrations. Volume 1 shows a heavily decorated mask in rich colours, with feather ornaments, protruding eyes, hanging tongue, beak-shaped nose, and small bird heads added to the forehead and cheeks: a fantastic face, hardly human. Volume 2 shows a mask made of unpainted dark wood with hollow eyes, hollow cheeks, an empty rounded mouth, reddish hair and beard made of animal fur: a tragic face, distinctly human. Set side by side these two masks are so different both in style and expression that it is difficult to believe that they have been carved by the same people. But they have, and it is worth looking again. Are they just different or is one almost the reverse of the other: bright paint versus dark wood, heavy decoration versus sobriety, white feathers versus red hair, and above all, protuberance versus hollowness? If you can bring yourself to see in the first the counterpart of the second, then you have understood half the point of the book before opening it.

What remains to be understood has to do with myths and rituals. The analysis begins with the *swaihwe* mask of the Salish, of the protruding-eyes hanging-tongue type. Origin myths of the *swaihwe* say it came from heaven or from the waters and link it to marriage and descendance. The Kwakiutl (the Salish's northern neighbours) have a version of the *swaihwe* mask called the *xwexwe*. Origin myths of the *xwexwe* say it was given to the Kwakiutl by the Salish, or in a less realistic tale, by red fish which had assumed human appearance for the occasion. Both masks are worn by tireless virile dancers in white garb. However, where the Salish *swaihwe* is supposed to bring wealth to its owners, the Kwakiutl *xwexwe* is, if anything, avaricious. Lévi-Strauss greatly stresses this trait, although the evidence is very meagre and consists of the following two facts: first, the mythical red fish associated with the mask are said to be avaricious; second, the *xwexwe* dancers prevent children from laying their hands on the small gifts thrown on the ground during the dance. Is that enough to maintain that the *xwexwe* are the opposite of the *swaihwe* in terms of attitude to wealth? Lévi-Strauss thinks it is, and builds his analysis on this assumption.

If the *xwexwe* is avaricious, then which Kwakiutl mask has the same wealth-bringing quality as the Salish *swaihwe*? Lévi-Strauss's answer is beautifully Lévi-Straussian: the one which is in total opposition with both the *swaihwe* and the *xwexwe* in terms of plastic features, the hollow-eyed, round-mouthed, dark and hairy *dzonokwa* mask on the cover of Volume 2. *Dzonokwa* are

A pair of prehistoric masks from British Columbia; though carved in stone, the sighted mask fits exactly into its sightless twin. From Wilson Duff's *Images: Stone: BC* (191pp. University of Washington Press (AUPG). £10.50).

mythical Kwakiutl ogresses who steal children and give wealth—particularly the highly regarded, ceremonial *tlaneh* coppers. The bearers of the *dzonokwa* masks are clad in dark colours, and pretend to be asleep, or move in the hesitant, stumbling fashion of a blind person.

It is as if the Salish *swaihwe* had been transformed into two different Kwakiutl masks: the *xwexwe*, similar in design but avaricious, and the *dzonokwa*, similar for its generous qualities, but in total opposition as regards to its physical features and the dancers' behaviour. Hence the daring conclusion:

> *Quand d'un groupe à l'autre, la forme plastique se maintient, la fonction sémantique s'inverse. En revanche quand la fonction sémantique se maintient, c'est la forme plastique qui s'inverse.* [His own italics.]

However, this terse formula does not quite do justice to the subtlety of the analysis it is meant to summarize. It singles out as *the* "fonction sémantique" the generosity of both the *swaihwe* and the *dzonokwa*, although in other symbolic aspects they stand in opposition; the *swaihwe* is linked to a vertical heaven-waters axis, to water products, to ancestors, and to the permanence of the descent groups; the *dzonokwa* on the other hand, is linked to a horizontal village-forest axis, to forest products, and to the destruction of the descent groups through the stealing of their offspring. Therefore only one part of the "fonction sémantique" is maintained. As for the *xwexwe*, not only is its avarice poorly established, but there is no ground to consider this assumed trait as its main "fonction sémantique". Furthermore, one important aspect of the "forme plastique" of the *swaihwe* is *not* maintained in the *xwexwe*: the *swaihwe* has a lower jaw that drops so low that the chin itself disappears, whereas the *xwexwe* mouth is just slit open to allow the tongue to hang out.

However, the analysis does suggest that in plastic art, as well as in myths, what appear to be mere differences often turn out to be systematic oppositions, and such oppositions are no less relevant to the understanding of culture than straightforward resemblances. Thus Lévi-Strauss extends his major hypothesis in the study of myth to the study of art. The hypothesis is important enough to gain nothing by being overstated. The subtlety of cultural transformations is further evidenced in the last part of the book, where the three types of masks are linked to the coppers. There Lévi-Strauss proposes a brilliant solution to the ethnographic puzzle raised by the shape of these Kwakiutl coppers: it is the same overall shape as that of the Salish *swaihwe* masks (but identically not of the *xwexwe* because of the mouth aperture), and there are good symbolic reasons given as to why it should be so.

For all its attractiveness, this book leaves the reader with two unanswered questions. First, is the fact that the *swaihwe* and the *xwexwe* are male, and quite clearly so for that matter, and the *dzonokwa* female irrelevant to the elucidation of their plastic features? Is there nothing male about protruberance, nothing female about hollowness? One would like to know why Lévi-Strauss rejected this line of inquiry. Second, consider one of the book's concluding remarks: "Un masque n'est pas d'abord ce qu'il représente mais ce qu'il transforme, c'est-à-dire choisit de ne pas représenter." Taken out of its context, the statement would immediately be understood to refer to the face that the mask indeed transforms. But as Lévi-Strauss has other potential masks in mind and not actual faces. In the whole book there is not a single word about the fact that masks cover faces. Again this would call for some explanation, especially as Lévi-Strauss had presented some quite interesting remarks on the function of masks apropos of an important mask exhibition at the Musée de l'Homme, in *L'Express*, December 10, 1959).

Whatever the doubts and puzzles which come to the mind while reading the book, one gains a sense of clarity when closing it: here again are the two masks on the covers, the now familiar *xwexwe* and *dzonokwa*, and it is with very different eyes that one now gazes at them; their oddity makes sense, their difference is seen as complementary. There is more to the book but this alone would be enough to recommend it.

Indian relations

By Peter Rivière

GARY WITHERSPOON :
Navajo Kinship and Marriage
137pp. University of Chicago Press. £5.70.

The nature of Navajo social organization has remained something of a mystery in spite of the numerous anthropologists who have turned their attention to these Indians of the American Southwest. In this latest study, Gary Witherspoon, who spent eight years living and working among the Navajo, has provided a new look at the subject. He has divided his book into three parts: in the first he considers the cultural symbols by which the Navajo express their concepts of kinship and affinity, and in the second he describes the observable patterns of Navajo social organization. In the third and concluding part a taxonomy of the relevant Navajo terms is given.

The first part rests heavily on David Schneider's cultural approach to kinship, and the findings from it are used to help elucidate the patterns in the second half and in turn receive terminological support in the conclusions. The material is well presented and the argument clear, but even so *Navajo Kinship and Marriage* is a book for the specialist, who will decide for himself whether, as Professor Schneider claims in his foreword, this is "the definitive work on Navajo kinship and marriage".

The rise of protean man

By Raymond Firth

JAMES L. PEACOCK :
Consciousness and Change
Symbolic Anthropology in Evolutionary Perspective
264pp. Oxford : Blackwell. £5.50.

Anthropology has been making heroic efforts in recent years to appear relevant to the concerns of a world confused about the direction and meaning of its affairs. As well as trends in ecology and ethology, social or cultural anthropology has developed many general ideas about the human condition and ways of getting a closer understanding of it. Edmund Leach opened his Reith Lectures of 1967, entitled "A Runaway World?", with the ringing call: "Men have become like gods. Isn't it about time that we understood our divinity?" Other anthropologists have been content to operate on a less lofty plane. But from David Schneider on symbols of blood and sex in American kinship and Victor Turner on ritual validation of the social order, to Maurice Godelier on the hidden logic of economic systems, Rodney Needham on the nature of belief as human experience, and Claude Lévi-Strauss on the structuralist architectonic of uncontrolled thought, anthropologists have been trying to express their ideas about human society in some kind of holistic frame. Understandably, many of these thoughts have been fumbling, obscure, heavy with jargon, laced with speculation. Many have borne the imprint of personal temperament, though few have displayed any particular vested interest. But what has characterized these writings has been an almost desperate concern with the need for greater understanding of social process, shaped by a conviction that anthropology—but not anthropology unaided—has insights to offer, for theoretical if not practical significance. There is much argument on the point, but at bottom it seems to be felt that there is a special contribution to be gained from the comparative stance of the anthropologist—from his scepticism about the received values of his own society and respect for the symbolic forms of other societies; and from his common experience of having studied and lived in communities of remote and alien character.

James Peacock's book is in this tradition. He is already well known in some circles for his scholarly, penetrating analysis of Javanese proletarian drama, in which he demonstrated how the stage symbolism presented current social and political issues in ways emphasizing the values of modernity. To offer a study of theatre under the title of *Rites of Modernization* in a book series labelled "symbolic anthropology" indicates the line of his thought. His stress on the need to study the theatre as a total social situation, to derive patterns of action and thought by stern abstraction, to look for social trends in the dynamics of symbolic performance prefigured his approach in this new book. Here his earlier preoccupation with symbols on the one hand, and with social change on the other, has taken a more general form. *Consciousness and Change* is a study of relations between symbolic and social structures. But it focuses particularly on exposure of these relations on a time plane, in terms of a postulate of evolution.

The work is shaped in a mould compounded of anthropology and sociology, with Durkheim and Max Weber as the primary intellectual supports. Durkheim supplies the perspective for studies of ritual and myth in traditional society. To provide more sophisticated interpretation of ritual, Max Gluckman, Victor Turner and Clifford Geertz are called in, while Mary Douglas too is praised for the power of her "group and grid" typology—though her non-evolutionary stance in *Natural Symbols* is rather sadly noted. As major figures in the study of mythology, Malinowski, Leach and Lévi-Strauss enter and, their differences exposed, are reunited in their emphasis on homology: the symbolic systems and the social systems they have studied are considered to reinforce each other by their parallel structures. Here a keynote for Professor Peacock's composition is struck—the Durkheimian emphasis on homology is contrasted with the Weberian emphasis on discrepancy: the discrepancy between symbol and society is such that men strive incessantly to change the one to fit the other. In a sense Harvard has been the spiritual home of Max Weber in the New World, under the benign stimulus of Talcott Parsons. It should then be no surprise that after a survey of Weber's contribution to the study of social change, particularly with reference to religion, Professor Peacock shows the influence of his alma mater by relating to elements of Weber's scheme a host of very diverse thinkers, from Robert Bellah and David McClelland to Kenneth Burke and even Georg Lukács—who was part of Weber's "circle" at Heidelberg. Indeed, to my mind, this book demonstrates in a rather unusual way what Donald MacRae has aptly called "the liquid and evasive richness which is the secret of Weber's strongest sorcery over all his successors".

The author's interest in symbolic form, as opposed to content, leads him to stress the importance of the aesthetic aspect of modernization, which he holds Weberians have neglected in favour of religious aspects. Since, too, Weber's analysis of modernization completely ignored Freud and the oedipal aspect, Professor Peacock remedies this deficiency by summarizing Erik Erikson's analysis of Martin Luther, McClelland's use of fantasy to give an index to achievement motivation, and anthropological theories which think to identify oedipal elements in "revitalization movements". This sector of his discussion ends with consideration of a famous Harvard seminar in which the participants examined that fascinating topic, themselves, and after deification of their leader turned round to enact a kind of "primal horde" revolt. "To generalize from Slater's small group to the psycho-social evolution of mankind is obviously risky", comments Professor Peacock, but he claims that the study was useful in uncovering unconscious fantasies that may accompany societal evolution. He also holds that it supports the hypothesis that social evolution is motivated by psycho-social as well as by techno-economic factors. (But was the laboratory group *really* isolated from problems of production and consumption?)

To characterize emerging modern consciousness Professor Peacock relies heavily on Robert Jay Lifton's concept of "protean man", alienated from vital symbols of his society, lacking a classic sense of guilt. An oscillating, vacillating relativist, protean man has Sartre as his prototype. To protean man and the mental disorientation described in Charles Reich's *Greening of America* is added Edmund Leach's vision of a radical change in the structure of modern family life, to give examples of perspectives for viewing modern consciousness. Further examples of the processes of change from traditional to more modern forms of society are given in an analysis of social and symbolic modes in Java, where the author carried out field research, and in the American South, where he has lived and worked. He holds that a common core can be seen in the various efforts to characterize modern consciousness, but that there is as yet no systematic theory for treating this emerging pattern. The efforts of "main-line anthropology" in this respect he regards as feeble, and himself does not do more than offer an outline of a frame of ideas.

Consciousness and Change is bold, with many original scholarly insights, even if its central theory of modernization gets lost at times under the flow of words. The treatment is kaleidoscopic—with the passage to modernity seen in brilliant reflection in the views of thinkers about it as much as in an account of the changing phenomena themselves. The range of citation is vast, the information often novel to a more pedestrian anthropologist, the critical exposition acute and challenging, the attempt at a synthesis impressive. But inevitably the treatment provokes much question and caveat.

Developed in a teaching context, the book still bears signs of appeal to an eager audience relishing the verbal shaft. "Avoiding the Jucier [*sic*] pan-human archetypes" is a vivid phrase for a lecture. To speak of the anthropologist as "the garbageman of the social sciences" is a lively way of recalling anthropological interest in what other sciences have ignored or rejected—though social administrators, who have also claimed the title, may think we are claiming their job. But some of the obiter dicta are more questionable. The description of the later Martin Luther as "a fat, belching, constipated, middle-aged, bourgeois patriarch" is perhaps due to Erikson. But that the "flamboyant Slav" Malinowski "listened to concerts while lying in the aisle" is Professor Peacock's own distortion—of, what I would guess, something I once wrote about Malinowski's attendance at *Rheingold*. Some of the scholarly references are slipshod. Again within my own knowledge: "From Firth's work on the island of Tikopia, Lévi-Strauss constructs a chart which ranks Tikopian food plants according to several dimensions" (place in subsistence, labour to grow, ritual, etc). In fact, I constructed the chart, and Lévi-Strauss, reproducing it, underlined my conclusions—though his important work proceeded to go beyond them. And one wonders whether Professor Peacock had his tongue in cheek in his characterization of the manners of the American South: "What psychoanalyst could fail to perceive the phallus in the gentlemen's standing erect to greet a lady?" From his expressed interest in form one would have expected some reference to the importance of contrasted forms of posture and movement as indices to social status.

The definitional framework also has its problems. On symbol Professor Peacock is on sure ground, though as the analysis proceeds, the symbolic is often difficult to distinguish from accounts of institutional behaviour. But the "consciousness" of the title seems to spread through everything and lose critical value. Symbolic forms are regarded as sensory forms or actions which in a given context express a configuration of consciousness. Roughly alternative terms to consciousness are "belief system" or "cognitive map", but these intellectualistic notions fail to include the emotional evaluative elements which are so important for symbol systems. So far, so good. But "consciousness must also be considered, for our purposes, to embrace the unconscious". Yet, like S. F. Nadel in his massive study of the "foundations" of social anthropology, Professor Peacock argues that the part of the unconscious which cannot be symbolized is of no concern to a student of symbols. Hence for him the notion of "consciousness" includes both the "lucidly conscious" of which the actor is aware, and the "murkily unconscious" thoughts, feelings, sensations, motives, beliefs and memories expressed through symbolic forms. After this clarification, at the beginning of the book, any problem of consciousness disappears—for the rest of the analysis, even in the sensitive passages about art, the question of how far *awareness* of symbolic forms leads to action seems to be passed over. In a near-final section on "modernity and consciousness" the latter term could equally well have been replaced by "ritual and symbolism".

Very different is the handling of the evolutionary framework. Evolution is a term more current in American than in British anthropology, though it has a considerable history in each. In the social or cultural field, though the concept is rather a slippery one, the basic idea is of quantitative change becoming qualitative change by adaptation to a changing environment, normally demanding greater complexity of organization. One American view, led especially by Julian Steward, has argued that in contrast to biological evolution, cultural evolution is not marked by increasing differentiation of types, but that a uniquely human evolutionary trend is towards greater convergence. The spread of the effects of the Industrial Revolution, it is held, on members of what after all is one species, has made it inevitable that human cultures will come more and more to resemble one another. (A comment here might be that such a view undervalues the continued efforts made by men in different communities to accept a common material base to their culture but to insist upon preservation or development of a separate identity in their social or cultural symbols.) There are some thorny problems. Theories of cultural evolutionism ordinarily do not seem prepared to face the implications of a mechanism of natural selection, so powerful in the theory of biological evolution. And there is plenty of controversy about the relative significance of external and internal forces of change, including the claim of dialectical materialism for a social evolution springing from contradictions within the structure of society itself.

Professor Peacock is well aware of such problems, as is shown by the study already published by him and his collaborator Thomas Kirsch. In *Consciousness and Change*, accepting technical and economic development as key criteria, with which a variety of social trends correlate, he sees units of the social system becoming increasingly specialized while the system itself becomes increasingly centralized. The evolution is from traditional to "modernizing" or "modernized" societies, for most of the book. In the last chapter, however, we are offered a tentative typology of social evolution from primitive through archaic to historic and then modern. In the "primitive" type, social relationships are "multiplex"; homology and emotional identity mark the association between social relationships and symbolic forms. Prodded by ecological variation and social conflict, members of primitive society attempt to find rational explanation between their theory and their practice. In contrast to the egalitarian principle of primitive society is the hierarchical principle of archaic society, organized round kingship or caste. Food surpluses give command of power; centralized rites, as that of sacrifice, support the socio-cosmic order. Status differentials are great, and the sexes tend to be segregated, with highly placed women secluded and "ornamentalized" in the patterns of chivalry.

The "historic" type is marked by its religious dimension. The great religions radically separate this world from another, and widen the gap between the social and the symbolic. Social relations become more specialist, the historic elite loses some of the total control its equivalent enjoyed in archaic society. Rituals are more highly stylized. Error becomes sin, for which not sacrifice but total surrender of the personality is the only atonement. Worldly reform is less important than other-worldly salvation. "Modernizing" society is a generalized form of the Protestant ethic. Modernizing religion wants to change the world. Traditional religion must be destroyed, especially where it supports the established order; symbols of the unchanging must be opposed. Art forms flower independent of religion, and are often commercialized. When a society has achieved modernity, the conceptual dualisms of salvation religions, of ethical stances, are dissolved. The self becomes the reference-point for all activity—a protean self, deprived of a stable symbolic structure, and hence often in search of authentic rituals of reunification.

This typology has a Weberian ancestry, with echoes from Marx, Herbert Spencer, perhaps Arnold Toynbee. As a scheme a little musty, its interest lies in the specific things that are said about ritual, symbols, sacral figures and the discrepant relations between symbolic and technical systems. The book concludes with a statement that some moderns despair altogether of linking the social with the symbolic system, and instead of applying the ultimate to life, seek merely to join it, through mysticism, occultism and the alteration of perception. But that the author has retained a sober optimism for human rationality is indicated by his then supplying seventeen pages of "suggested readings" as a follow-up to his formidable set of references. It is an interesting book, but rather heavy because of its Weberian preoccupation, and rather glib—perhaps because it seems to be aimed very much at students.

Patterns, systems and personalities

By George Stocking

MARGARET MEAD :
Ruth Benedict
180 pp. Columbia University Press (AUPG). £4.95.

That Anden should have linked her with Bronislaw Malinowski and W. H. R. Rivers among those who showed how "common culture shapes the separate lives" is perhaps testimony to Ruth Benedict's past impact on British intellectual life. After *Patterns of Culture* appeared in 1934, several younger British anthropologists took her characterization of psychological culture types quite seriously. Nevertheless, *this early receptivity was marred, as Audrey Richards has noted, by "critical and jocular comments" in many quarters; and it waned rapidly after A. R. Radcliffe-Brown returned from the last American phase in his twenty-year colonial exile to take the Oxford chair in 1937.*

Benedict, who in 1926 had found Malinowski a "seven-day's joy", could "trump up" no "fellow-feeling" for Radcliffe-Brown when he came to the United States in 1931. Whatever Radcliffe-Brown's response at the time, it is clear that his six years among the students of Franz Boas sharpened his sense of the necessary separation between psychology and social anthropology. As he argued in his Chicago lectures of 1937, there could be only one theoretical science of human society as a "natural system", and it would be "in no sense a psychology". In the context of Radcliffe-Brown's predominant influence over the next decades, there was little place in British anthropology for the varied inquiries Benedict's work did so much to foster in the United States, and by the 1960s culture and personality "had ceased to be a reputable subject of study" in Great Britain.

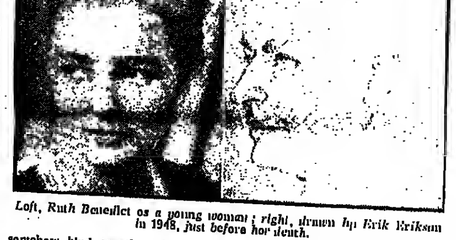
Culture and personality studies have had their ups and downs in America, too. Indeed, the trend since the mid-1950s has been rather more down than up. Even so, it can still be argued that Benedict is in many ways representative of the American tradition in anthropology, just as Radcliffe-Brown represents the British—at least in their respective major phases in the twentieth century. The appearance of Margaret Mead's *Ruth Benedict* provokes speculation on the historical forces shaping the former. And while the Leaders of Modern Anthropology series has as yet included none outside the United States, a brief juxtaposition with Radcliffe-Brown may, by way of contrast, add to our understanding of both traditions.

Doubtless one can find similarities. By psychological preference, if not internal psychodynamic, both were at the cooler end of the Apollonian/Dionysian polarity. One might even say they shared the impulse to typologize, although in different degrees and in terms of rather different principles. Both would doubtless have agreed that holism was a hallmark of anthropological inquiry. However, their approaches to the problem of societal or cultural integration were radically different. From this point of view they may in fact be seen as extreme types within the broader Western anthropological tradition. Dr Mead tells us that Radcliffe-Brown, confronted by Ree Fortune's Dobuans, at first refused to believe that such a society could exist; if the data were correct, it could only mean "that they have lost the functioning of their system". Benedict, who liked her cultures "scandalous", found in the paranoid complexities of Dobuan interpersonal relations one of the archetypes for her conception of cultural patterning.

The difference between the two may be briefly explicated by considering the key words through which their notions of integration were expressed: "pattern" and "configuration"; "structura" and "system". The critical terms are the first and last—"configuration" being best regarded as a summation or pattern of patterns; "structure" as the static aspect of system. Both patterns and systems can be spoken of as having structure, and one can no doubt get by synonymity from one end of the series to the other—a fact which has sometimes obscured differences in assumption among people who seemed to be speaking the same conceptual language. Nevertheless, "pattern" and "system" are better regarded as representing quite different modes of integration. Free associationally, one may set up various antitheses between them: repetition versus differentiation; juxtaposition versus interaction; redundancy versus interdependence; open-endedness versus closure; contingency versus necessity; perhaps even mechanical versus organic (in the Durkheimian sense). Carried further (two-dimensional versus three-dimensional?) the game may lead astray from the present point, which is better made by noting an interesting etymological fact: "pattern" derives from the old French "patron", and was not finally distinguished from its English congenor, either in form or sense, until after 1700—a pattern, like a patron, being something worthy of imitation. One might suggest therefore that there is a psychological, aesthetic, and humanistic bias in a sense inherent in the pattern notion. At the other [illegible] tion is problematic and *a posteriori*—the result of historical process. In contrast, the core meanings of the term "system" are almost all natural scientific, and the idea of holistic integration is in a sense inherent in the concept itself. And while it does not preclude the notion of diachronic processes, the focus is on an order existing out of specific historical time.

All of this may be obvious to some (and to others even dubious). But it does serve to point up the contrast. The sources of that contrast are an interesting historical problem. Some of them are doubtless biographical. Although we know little of Radcliffe-Brown's early years, Dr Mead's work on Benedict tells us more than enough to suggest that her anthropological thought was deeply rooted in personal history. What Benedict herself later described, as her primal sense of insecurity [illegible] the death of her father, followed by her mother's hysterical (and manifestly Dionysian) grief, ritually repeated on each anniversary. From early childhood, Benedict recognized "two worlds"—the outside world of confusion and explosive weeping which I repudiated", and an interior world of death and beauty, which she peopled with Apollonian Blakean figures "of a strange dignity and grace".

An authoritarian rebel within the Puritan tradition, Benedict spent the first four decades of her life struggling to find some satisfactory self-integrating identity as woman and as person—first in charity work and teaching, then in love and marriage, then in a variety of "expeditions" open to the childless suburban wife of the chemist Stanley Benedict. Her guardian spirit, if not her genius, was literary. There was an abortive manuscript on "the restless and highly enslaved women of past generations", an unrealized project for chemical detective stories in collaboration with her husband under the pseudonym "Stanhope", and a body of poetry, some of it published under the name "Anne Singleton"—which her friend and fellow poet Edward Sapir worried might be a symptom of "dissociation of personality". In the end, however, Benedict was able through anthropology to master on attitude toward life which [would] somehow bind together these episodes of experience". Much earlier, in the moment of reading the last pages of Pater's *Renaissance*, she had lost her religious belief. Eventually, she found personal reintegration and aesthetic self-fulfilment in the pursuit of another (and not unrelated) ideal of culture.



Left, Ruth Benedict as a young woman; right, drawn by Erik Erikson in 1948, just before her death.

Beyond biography—or encompassing it—there is of course cultural or historical moment. Benedict was only one of several American anthropologists of the 1920s who were concerned with problems of cultural values, cultural integration, and the relationship of the individual and culture, in the context of an implicit or stated critique of contemporary American society. From a broader cultural-historical viewpoint, Dr Mead's *Coming of Age in Samoa*, and before that Edward Sapir's "Culture, Genuine and Spurious" may be regarded as part of a movement that developed in the backwash of American progressivism, as intellectuals turned from politics to culture. Britain, immigrants and relatively alienated, alienated equally from the consumer values of the dominant business culture and from the last ditch puritanism of rural America, intellectuals were perhaps for the first time fully selfconscious of their own group identity. Thrust ahead on the one hand by Babbitt, on the other by the Klan, and from within by their own disillusion, but still sustained by the earlier "promise of American life", they struggled to find values upon which a genuine national culture could be founded. In this context, there is a manifest continuity between Our *Changing Morality* and *Civilization in the United States*—two major intellectual symposia of the early 1920s—and of the concerns of the precursors of the culture and personality school: the problem of cultural integration in a multiethnic nation, the problem of personality in the context of changing sex roles, and [illegible]

Papa Franz—who did not repudiate the offspring of his own Germanic intellectual lineage.

In contrast to this essentially continuous development, Radcliffe-Brown broke with Rivers at precisely the moment when the latter was moving away from evolutionism toward an extreme diffusionism; and while he did not entirely reject history, Radcliffe-Brown did insist on the separate legitimacy and intellectual priority of synchronic studies of total systems. This commitment made in the aftermath of his own turn toward the French tradition, led ultimately to the separation of psychological from sociological inquiry, although Radcliffe-Brown did not give the final polish to his position until the 1930s—in a context that included Benedict's *Patterns of Culture*. By the time of the Chicago lectures, the contrast between the two anthropologists of American origins seems clear enough in historical retrospect, although the Boasian institution was somewhat to obscure matters. Doubtless bridges could and must be built between Radcliffe-Brown and Boas—Mead herself in course influenced by both traditions of anthropological thought, the two approaches seem more less quite distinct.

Whether there is some deeper basis in national cultural traditions for these distinctive orientations perhaps a moot point. But if differing any Benedictian synthesis thus on national lines, character, one may suggest cumulative historical circumstances have made the issue of holism a rather different matter in a national tradition. Despite heterogeneity and political fragmentation, to force it to the front of intellectual concerns during extended phases of American history; and the relatively structured social field within integration took place seems tempted to be conceived in cultural and psychological terms, assimilation of diverse values and notions to a single general pattern and the creation of a unifying character type.

In Britain, a more differentiated and structured social order taken for granted, and for long periods in modern British history the issue of integration of the present itself as critically problematic. The general tendency of British thinkers to confront the Durkheimian problem of society as a communitarian one in historiography of social thought, Parsonians and radicals alike, treat it as a consequence of early social stability and predominantly utilitarian assumption. Nevertheless, it seems quite appropriate when the focus of integration is surface, it should be expressed in terms of differentiated social systems, rather than unifying cultural patterns.

Even so, Radcliffe-Brown's debt to the American anthropologist Lewis Henry Morgan, as well as the course of post-Boasian anthropology in the United States, should give pause. At the very least, one can argue that system-thinking is entirely alien to the American anthropological tradition. As Ruth Anden's metres might suggest, the traditions are surely more varied and overlapping than a simple dichotomy would allow. It is perhaps the less interesting to note that the rationalization of anthropological institutions after the Second World War followed quite different courses in Britain and the United States: in both countries, the maintenance of professional standards was at issue but in Britain, under the influence of Radcliffe-Brown, this concern led to the formation of the Association of Social Anthropologists, a highly selective group, relatively homogeneous in anthropological theoretical point.

In contrast, American anthropologists, while taking certain measures to ensure professional control, chose a comprehensive organizational framework that would accommodate a wide range of anthropological viewpoints, although they did so within the existing American Anthropological Association, rather than by adopting the federalistic structure Ruth Benedict proposed. The greater intellectual heterogeneity and the pluralistic institutional structure of American academic life which it reflected, both may be contrasted with the British tradition. In Britain the push to homogeneity operates within specific sectors of the social structure, and through institutions which tend themselves to be relatively more homogeneous.

For a variety of reasons, outside and within the discipline, the intellectual homogeneity of British social anthropology seems to have been breaking down. Perhaps in this context, the heritage of Franz Boas may be of more than passing interest to British anthropological readers. Dr Mead's *Ruth Benedict*, with its lengthy biographical essay and seven representative selections, offers a good introduction to the major figure within the Boasian tradition. It is only fair to warn, however, that the portrait here is considerably more sketchy and less satisfying than Mead's earlier Benedict anthology, from which much of the present book is directly taken. More serious readers would do better to consult *An Anthropologist at Work*, which despite certain limits of perspective, remains the most revealing single source of American anthropological biography, the years

Wonderful to relate

By Roger Sale

C. N. MANLOVE :
Modern Fantasy
Five Studies.
308pp. Cambridge University Press. £6.50.

J. R. R. TOLKIEN (Translator) :
Sir Gawain and the Green Knight, Pearl and Sir Orfeo
Edited by Christopher Tolkien
148pp. Allen and Unwin. £3.95.

Modern Fantasy could have been a useful book. Fantasy has become a popular and respectable subject, as have the related "areas" of science fiction and children's literature, but the gap between those who care about these matters and those who don't is probably widening. C. N. Manlove neither scorns nor adores and he means to be helpful in his carefully dispassionate studies of Charles Kingsley, George MacDonald, C. S. Lewis, J. R. R. Tolkien and Mervyn Peake. Yet *Modern Fantasy* is unsatisfying. Mr Manlove shows little awareness of what the submitting is all about, yet is so dogged in his demonstrations as to offer meagre ammunition for those who want fantasies kept safely enclosed, like the animals in "natural habitats" within zoos.

The sub-headings of his chapters begin to show what is wrong. For Kingsley's *The Water Babies*: "Style" "Natural Theology", "Moral (devolution)"; for MacDonald: "MacDonald's 'faculty psychology'", "The unconscious in MacDonald's fairy-tales", "The oppositions in MacDonald's fantasy", "The higher consciousness". We are soon in the realm of topics for seminar papers, slicing off an idea here and a style there, a contradiction howling into view down the way. Few lovers of fantasy would defend *The Water Babies*, but even they hardly need to be told that Kingsley's nature and theology don't quite square with each other: Or that George MacDonald has serious defects as a thinker. Or that C. S. Lewis, who everyone thinks was innocent of something, might be clumsy himself when writing about innocence. Or that Tolkien often saves his hobbies by giving them great good luck. What seems to begin as care and deliberation ends up isolating what ought to be kept mixed up or else underlining the obvious.

Properly, Mr Manlove begins his definition of fantasy as a fiction invoking wonder", and of course a successful fantasy will evoke it as well. On this score Lewis was close to a perfect critic because his appetite for the wonderful was great and his ability to detect the less than satisfying was unerring. By always asking why one might want to read a fantasy, or get tired of it, Lewis could write about the effect of a work on a reader such that it was wholes rather than aspects or themes that were stressed. Mr Manlove, unfortunately, seems to have little ability to respond to the wonderful, and so never considers himself as a reader of the books he discusses. He offers, for instance, a strict theoretical defence of the obtrusive commentary in *The Water Babies* that does not for a minute keep Kingsley's fits of Victorian chattering and hectoring from seeming unpleasant. He treats MacDonald's two major "adult" fantasies, *Phantastes* and *Lilith*, written thirty years apart and vastly different from each other in tone, tale, and ability to evoke wonder, as though they were equal in importance, equally germane to a discussion of what is central in MacDonald. He carefully desiderates the problems in Lewis's Perelandra without once asking why such an excellent critic of fantasy should be so curiously unable to write a good one himself.

Another way to say it: he has no sense of story. He never considers story except to summarize a plot, he never sees that in fantasy, as least as much as in any other kind of work, narrative is how we learn or care about the wonderful. In *Lilith*, for instance, all that is haunting is contingent upon MacDonald taking Vane through the some sequence of people and places twice. We learn "all we need to know" halfway through the story, then are buried back a second time because MacDonald knows and can show why such learning is never enough. Auden, in his typically responsive way, knew that Vane's experience with the horse at the beginning of the second journey is magnificent, even if he did not know or care why. Mr Manlove has no sense of such matters, cannot see how much MacDonald risked in repeating his story, and so has no way of seeing why *Lilith* is a great book in its way, certainly much better than *Phantastes*.

For Mr Manlove, Tolkien is the villain of the piece, Mervyn Peake the hero, and not incidentally Tolkien is the one most dependent on story as his means of invoking and evoking wonder, and Peake is least so. Frodo, Sam, and Smégol in the second and third volumes of *The Lord of the Rings*—that is the heart of Tolkien's matter, and Mr Manlove barely mentions the relevant chapters. He can talk about how Tolkien is more responsive to evil than to good, and about Frodo's hairbreadth escapes, as though discussing matters no more closely related than two consecutive items in an encyclopedia, when in fact the story makes them intimate. He is at his best throughout the book when discussing individual passages, and he does have some telling remarks about what can be wrong with Tolkien's writing, but since he considers "style" and "heroism" and "evil" almost as unrelated matters, he never challenges himself to see how the writing changes as the story does. As a result he never is as hard on the dreary parts of Tolkien as he should be, nor able to be responsive to what is superb.

Peake, on the other hand, invokes and evokes almost no sense of wonder, and has almost no story to tell. There may be less dividedness in Peake than in the others, because his is a secular imagination, but the resultant wholeness is a frozen, stagy, latter-day Dickensian wholeness. Most people who start *Gormenghast* find themselves sooner or later putting it down and not picking it up again. Mr Manlove, on the other hand, likes Peake precisely for his static quality, likes the heavy, but pressureless and decorative writing that creates it. One suspects, too, he likes characters named Steerpike and Prunesqualler more than he does ones named Elrond and Shelob. Yet he's not willing to say so, or to build his arguments in frank acknowledgment of these preferences. For most who enjoy fantasy, Peake is marginal and Tolkien central, but if one prefers *Gormenghast* to *The Lord of the Rings* it is better to admit this and proceed from there.

Peake "derives from" Dickens, Tolkien in a different way "derives from" Tennyson. A full consideration of either of these facts might really have helped Mr Manlove. Here is a sentence of Peake's that he admires:

> As pirates in the hot brine-shallows wading, make face to face, their comber-hindered lunges, sun-blind, fly-agonied, and browed with pearls, so here the timbers leaned, moonlight misled and the rank webs impeded.

The syntax enacts the action finely, he says. True, surely, but one needs to say more, to say that this kind of writing, which is very characteristic of Peake, is frozen with self-inspection and self-regard. When one derives one's style from Dickens, one will write extractable beauties, and for Peake the ability to do this came to seem close to an end in itself. In contrast, Tolkien's derivation from Tennyson is of a different sort. He himself may not even have been aware of it, but that very fact, apparently damning, is precisely what allowed Tolkien to employ his medium without self-regard. When Tolkien's story is dead, the writing will end up, sentence by sentence, worse than most of Peake, but when it is alive, the style, without losing its Tennysonness, can be truly expressive of more than itself. This can be demonstrated, but only in full consideration of story and character, that which makes Tolkien's fantasy something other than the curio that *Gormenghast* so resolutely is and remains.

Mr Manlove ends *Modern Fantasy* by reminding us of the familiar fact that no writer of modern fantasy can rely on "the shared belief of the writer and his audience that such things could possibly occur", as was the case in mediaeval poetry. The trouble is that he seems to have concluded that the modern audience for modern fantasy was therefore not worth considering, since it is demonstrable a good deal of that audience is crazy or childish. But a reader is an audience, and a reader can admit a desire to hunt for and admire good fantasies as a matter of preference without becoming crazy or childish, with no sense of shame, indeed. Of course good modern fantasies are few and most of the authors of good modern fantasies are split and confused people, often more would-be visionaries than visionaries in truth. Readers who don't like fantasies should leave them alone, and worry less about the nuts who adore Tolkien or Lewis.

Christopher Tolkien has brought out translations his father had made of three poems of mediaeval England—*Sir Gawain*, *Pearl* and *Sir Orfeo*—but had left unpublished awaiting introductions and commentary he never finished. Since translations of *Pearl* and *Sir Orfeo* are very rare, and the works themselves seldom read, the volume on their score alone is useful, and I found the jogging tetrameter couplets of *Sir Orfeo* very engaging indeed. The *Gawain* is a trickier business. Read simply as a poem Tolkien's version is less good than either James L. Rosenberg's or Marie Boroff's, because Tolkien was much more willing to keep (or even occasionally to adopt) constructions that are straightforward in Middle English but awkward now, much more willing, too, to fall into an idiom that is neither mediaeval nor twentieth-century, just as he does in *The Lord of the Rings*. Could this translation have been published in a facing-page edition, however, it might for these very reasons have proved best of all those available as a means of learning the poem in the original. Since the idiom of *Gawain*, and of the other poems too, is difficult for all but specialists, such an edition might gain or reclaim many readers. It is a great poem, expressive in almost every gesture of the shared belief of the writer and his audience that such things could possibly occur," better thereby than those modern fantasies that none the less deserve a better book than C. N. Manlove's.

Infinite ingenuities

By John Russell Brown

JOHN WELD :
Meaning in Comedy
255pp. Albany, New York: State University of New York Press.

Ingenuity is an obvious attraction of the glistening surface of Shakespeare's comedies, but John Weld argues in his *Meaning in Comedy* that these plays are essentially ingenious. When Aegeon says in *The Comedy of Errors* that

> . . . the world may witness that my wife
> Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,

we are to understand that he "stands condemned" *qua* human being, for original sin. When this imprisoned man is set free at the end of the comedy, we should ingeniously reflect that "Man will out despite his nature. Chaucer has replaced Justice. The Old Law is dead". Professor Weld argues that the very plot reflects this "christian schema of things"; it is the careful ambidexter of man's redemption that "makes the comedy with a happy ending possible".

This book is subtitled "Studies in Elizabethan Romantic Comedy" and, while it considers five of Shakespeare's earlier comedies, nearly two thirds of it concerns comedies by Greene and Lyly, earlier morality plays, and the English Corpus Christi plays. All these texts yield their "hidden meanings", and Boccaccio's words about poetry are quoted with approval:

> You must read, you must persevere, you must sit up nights, you must inquire, and exert the utmost power of your mind. If one way does not lead to the desired meaning, take another; if obstacles arise, then cut another; until, if your strength holds out, you will find the clear which at first looked dark.

Professor Weld differs from other allegorizing critics by assuming the pursuit of meaning to be endless and his allegories to be "impure" and inconsistent. His reader is encouraged to set meaning against meaning for himself. Could Petruchio in *The Taming of the Shrew* be avaricious when he comes to "wive it wealthily in Padua", as Professor Weld fears? May not "wealth" imply well-being and joy, as in the Prayer Book's phrase of "health and wealth" or Antonio's "I once did lend my body for thy wealth"? In *The Merchant*, or Petruchio's own association of "wealthily" and "happily" in his very next line? May not gold be a symbol for the blessings of love, as in *Romeo and Juliet*, *The Merchant* and many other plays? Professor Weld invites such speculation. He argues that the religious imagery, "dramatic metaphors" and structure of the plays invite it too.

The scope of this book is more significant than any of its particular "interpretations", and more exciting than its careful, expository prose. Too often have Shakespeare's comedies been considered as a distinct genre submitting to no exterior expectations and free from any rules. Madeline Doran and Muriel Bradbrook have shown their structural origins, but some critics have concluded too easily that Plautus has been outpaced and narrative drama transformed. While Professor Weld pursues his meanings, his readers are made aware of other qualities common to surviving Elizabethan comedies: quick changes of tone, tempo and focus; openness of characters and actors to audiences; rhetorical energy; aggressive combat, games and deceit; and sudden shifts of reality. His passing comments on conflict between words and spectacle in Lyly's Compospe, on "holiday" in Greene's *Friar Bacon*, "fantasy" in The Comedy of *Errors*, dreams in *The Taming of the Shrew*, and music in *The Merchant*, all raise far-reaching considerations before the author returns to his narrower purpose. This perspective needs to be extended still further: *Mucedorus*, that most popular of Elizabethan comedies, is given almost no attention; festbooks, descriptions of lists, texts of ballads and lists of stage properties are neglected; non-dramatic romance could be compared more frequently.

Like C. S. Lewis, George Hunter and Peter Saccio before him, Professor Weld calls for a reassessment of John Lyly's comedies. He shows how their plots correspond to those of social moralities; like *Magnificence* or *Respublica*, and ably discusses their mystery and finesse. Such criticisms, end the delicate and varied energy of Lyly's dialogue, argue strongly that a close study of Lyly is a prerequisite for an understanding of Shakespeare's comedies. A production of *Endymion* or *Campaspe* would be a proper preparation for a new production of *Twelfth Night* or *As You Like It*.

TLS Commentary

Strawberries are for ever

It would be interesting to trace the changing fortunes of Ruritanian royalty through the dispersal of their Fabergé objets de luxe in the sale-rooms of New York, Geneva and London over the last fifty years. The Robert Strauss collection, sold at Christie's on March 9, did not include important jewels, or the token Imperial Easter Egg. It was, however, a small, discerning collection illustrating the emphasis Fabergé placed on imaginative craftsmanship rather than costly gems.

The showpiece was undoubtedly a vase of wild strawberries worthy of any monarch's petit hameau. The fruits were of carved purpurine set with gold seeds and carved nephrite calyx. The vase was of engraved rock-crystal standing on a gold and enamel base. Studies of plants such as this one gave the greatest scope to the ingenuity of the designer. A spray of lilies of the valley, formed of pearls with rose-diamond edges about small pearl centres, made an exquisite conceit beside which a yellow enamelled kingcup looked positively ingénu.

The combined skill of lapidary and goldsmith was revealed in the collection of animals designed to appeal to imperial sentiment: the Czarina's dachshund, Queen Alexandra's pekinese immortalized. Edward VII had a model made of Persimmon, the winner of the 1907 Derby, and most of the occupants of the Sandringham farmyard were sculptured from life in wax to be cut in stone in St Petersburg. The Strauss collection showed Fabergé's flair for selecting stones of suitable colour and texture. An oily obsidian seal, a spotted moss-agate dalmatian, a soft peach cornelian dormouse had their beady gaze fixed with sapphires or cabochon rubies. An assortment of bonbonnières masqueraded in forms of fancy. One was a bowenite frog, its mouth set with rose-diamonds; another, of gold-mounted smoky quartz, took the shape of a half-peeled segment of orange; a third that of a quartz-topaz crab apple. King Farouk once owned such a trifle in the form of a potato.

The sale began with a selection of the more functional adornments of Edwardian dressing-rooms, boudoirs and libraries: pearly enamelled studs, cuff-links and tie-pins, parasol handles, an agate stamp-damper, two magnifying glasses and a variety of boxes—small things to twirl and toy with, to relieve tedium in stately, overblown salons. The most prestigious item was a presentation snuff-box, specially commissioned by the Czar, in royal-blue guilloché enamel displaying his miniature portrait in a diamond-crusted border. Fortunately all these objects have acquired a certain experience in slipping across frontiers; and their reputation for survival is rather more impressive than that of their original owners.

Two poems by Thomas Hardy

The two fragments below are included in the New Wessex edition of The Complete Poems of Thomas Hardy, edited by James Gibson, which is due to be published next week by Macmillan. According to a note on the envelope containing the manuscript, which is in the Dorset County Museum, Hardy dictated them on his deathbed.

Epitaph for G. K. Chesterton

Here lies nipped in this narrow cyst
The literary contortionist
Who prove and never turn a hair
That Darwin's theories were a snare
He'd hold as true with tongue in jowl,
That Nature's geocentric rule
. . . true and right
And if one with him could not see
He'd shout his choice word 'Blasphemy'.

Epitaph for George Moore

On one who thought no other could write such English as himself

'No mortal man beneath the sky
Can write such English as can I
They say it holds no thought my own
What then, such beauty (perfection) is not known.'

Heap dustbins on him:
They'll not meet
The apex of his self conceit.

Sewing up Hem & Fitz

"We learn something new about [illegible] year thanks to the Fitzgerald/*Hemingway Annual* which presents a whole, new collection of writings in each volume" chirrups Microcard Editions' Book Production Editor. "The editors Matthew J. Bruccoli and C. E. Frazer Clark, Jr, have outdone themselves again", she goes on. Certainly, if the vast lit crit industry is our equivalent of the sermon-publishing enterprise of the past, tomes like the *Fitzgerald/Hemingway Annual* have pushed things back to the marketing of relics stage. Shards of little notes in the great men's hands ("Dear Mrs Sayre—I think you will love this book. I am simply wild about it: Scott") flutter about the scholarly, the would-be scholarly, and the downright pseudo-scholarly articles. *Inter al.* there is a shot of an engraved hip-flask (*Forget-me-not Zelda* 9-13-18), and (though as reliquary the *Annual*'s Hemingway half offers comparatively short measure) some photos of journals relating Lieutenant Hemingway's war woundings. "It gives you an awfully satisfactory feeling to be wounded", he toughed to *The American Red Cross Central Division Bulletin*, and professed fascination for a captain in the Italian penal division who had "been shot in the chest but had plugged the holes with cigarettes and gone on fighting". Incredible, but then, as one *Annual* contributor argues, nostalgia is, like Paris and Happiness, a "movable feast". Nowhere, naturally, so niftily mobile as in annuals like this. Still, even as nostalgically juicy morsels go, Zelda's "tribute" to Scott takes some beating: "As promisorily as the least tractable wellings of the soul are curbed to the poet's pentameter, as surely as the most unique of cadets is lost on the line of march, so does each generation yield to the thematic persuasions of the day."

But Zelda's pose, and prose, are scarcely more selfconsciously inflated than most of the *Annual* and its contributors. There is, to be sure, some scholarly hard core of the usual sort: bibliographical addenda, a list of Fitzgerald reprintings, the annual checklists of mentions worldwide, reviews, and the like. This is, though, a more than usually closed shop. Professor Bruccoli and Microcard appear to have the Fitz/Hem scene quite sewn up. Most of the books reviewed are from either or both of them; it is Professor Bruccoli's *Fitzgerald Bibliography* that is being addended; the first item in the Fitzgerald Checklist is the *TLS* review of Professor Bruccoli's *Bibliography*; when at the end you find listed "USC Professor Probes Writer's Past" it is an article about Professor Bruccoli; and, oh yes, the hip-flask is in the "Bruccoli Collection". However, the *Annual*'s review/checklist end is a treasure-[illegible] articles on offer. There are, of course, gobbets of useful material, such as an interview with Allen Tate, and a place on farting in the original manuscript of Hemingway's "Banal Story"—"it underscores the connection between bestiality and anality". Also some unusual vistas open up, as in the article on "Fitzgerald's periodic attraction . . . to dynamic male models among the priests he met". But most of the stuff simply reveals to what lengths desperation for tenure and the incapacity to corner to themselves Bruccoli-style niches drive otherwise good men in East Tenn State or the University of Nevada—Las Vegas.

"During a visit to Norfolk in the early 1930s Fitzgerald stayed in the Monticello Hotel. He was drinking then and had come in a car" we learn. [illegible] more momentous than [illegible] that's made by [illegible] a letter "typed on [illegible] Faber stationery" and signed by T. S. Eliot himself, or than being told many times over by Theodora Gager, F.S.F.'s quondam nurse, that he was a drunk. And what's not trivial hereabouts tends to be far-fetched. Like the symbol-mongering (there's a deliciously long footnote on the emblematic force of Daisy Fay), or the source-hunting "Is Custer a Model for the Fascist Captain in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*?"; "The Valley of Baca and *A Farewell to Arms*": this kind of thing not only gives criticism its bad name, it just will not stand up in court. As it did not when (the *Annual* reports) a De Moomijn, evidently a literary critic *manqué*, sued Hem for plagiarizing a play he had written. His evidence was at least as good as many of the *Annual*'s contributors': Jordan calls Maria "My Rabbit"; Moomijn's Toran calls his Carmen "My little Virgin", and so on. The judge threw out the case: our editors are less sceptical. Less sceptical even than Margaret Duggan who, bless her, succinctly annotates one of her checklist items, "Masculine Inferiority Feelings of F. Scott Fitzgerald", with one apt word: "Nonsense."

The poet pacified

In 1963 Michael Thorpe, now Professor Michael Thorpe, was "contemplating an MA thesis on Sassoon's work for the University of Singapore" and wrote to his intended for help in obtaining copies of certain scarce pamphlets. He was gently rebuffed by Sassoon, who felt they did not merit this attention. Mr Thorpe persisted and pro-[illegible] (*Siegfried Sassoon: A Critical Study*) and supervised the republication of *The Old Century*. In the course of this work he received a few friendly and informative letters from the poet, answering queries, correcting errors or misapprehensions, and responding somewhat guardedly to appreciation:

> I am rather averse to conventional literary criticism which has often "taken the heart out of me" when my poems were being what I call "being palavered about" . . . but I give you full marks for the way you have coordinated my many speculative utterances and insights with such unfailing devotion . . . and many of my admirers will bless your name, I'm sure.

(In the next letter he reflects, more grudgingly, ". . . you did your job according to your lights".) Sassoon observed, while the revival of interest in the First World War of his own—it seemed to largely undeserved—reputation as a war poet: "I am a firm believer in the Memoirs; and am inclined to think that the war poems significant and successful ones will end up as mere appendices to the matured humanity of the Memoirs . . . my renown as a W.P. has become a positive burden to me".

His last letter to Michael Thorpe defends *The Old Century* and himself when young against an implied charge of political frivolity: "the way, I knew something about the Fabian Movement, as Uncle Hamo's brother-in-law, Sydney Olivier, was active in it. And my younger brother knew the Olivier girls and Rupert Brooke, who was in love with one of them. I wasn't so devoid of social conscience as you have assumed."

Shorn of salutations and farewells this material, though interesting, hardly amounts to ten pages, and might have awaited its place in a collection, but has been issued as a pamphlet (*Siegfried Sassoon: Letters to a Critic.* 28 pp. Kent Publications. £4) obtainable from the pleasantly bucolic address of Bridge Conacher, Honey's Oast, Nettlestead, Maidstone. It is agreeably if invisibly got up, and the handsome lettering on the grey paper wrappers, the abundant blanks fore and aft, and above all the limitation copies) and the exclusive should assure it a permanent place in the collector's canon.

Cinematic sensibilities

By Michael Wood

ERIC RHODE:
A History of the Cinema
From its Origins to 1970
674pp. Allen Lane. £10.

An ominous epigraph stares out from an early page of Eric Rhode's book: Collingwood's dictum that "Of everything other than thought, there can be no history". It is an odd notion to apply to the cinema, which seems to specialize in cheating or circumventing thought, either by arresting perception at the eye, arranging the world simply for us to look at; or by sneaking round to the shadier reaches of the mind. Mr Rhode is aware of this, of course, and like any good intellectual historian, he is quick to wheel in some big words. *Consciousness*, for example, is thriftily used in a sense which plainly includes unconsciousness.

If we try to understand the emergence of the cinema by means of the various experiments in optics and photography which led to it, "we shall miss", Mr Rhode says, "the main source of pressure, which lay rather in a change of consciousness", stemming, plausibly and platitudinously enough, from the Industrial Revolution. "It would not be improbable to say", Mr Rhode remarks a page or two later, commenting on Edward Muybridge's twenty-four cameras photographing a horse in motion, "that by chance Muybridge had brought about a change in human consciousness". The editing of Resnais and Fellini is said to have "enough in common to support the view that a general change in consciousness was taking place", and Robert Altman's *M*A*S*H* "acknowledges a change in public consciousness".

Consciousness here is the old *Zeitgeist* in drag, and these grand phrases are really gestures of desire. They signal one of the most appealing and yet most elusive aspects of Mr Rhode's ambitious book: its longing to be a history rather than a ragged chronicle, its eagerness to find large cultural meanings in the scattered development of the movies. "Is it no more than a coincidence that Freud discovered the key to psychoanalysis in the year that Lumière created these films?" A rhetorical question.

The book appears to have been a long time in the writing, and in its second half Mr Rhode settles down to a form of history he handles very well: a wide-ranging review of the films that interest him, his selection governed by a severe taste and a leaning towards earnest directors, and his reviews tied to each other by ingenious and often profound thematic connections. A chapter on films made in the aftermath of the Second World War, for example, points to children as a recurring topic, and thus takes us from the Italian *Bicycle Thieves* (de Sica's and Zavattini's earlier film together had been *The Children Are Watching Us*) to the French *Jeux Interdits*, and from there to the American *The Yearling* and the Mexican *Los Olvidados*. A daunting amount of work has gone into the book, and Mr Rhode passes from Rome to Calcutta, and from Japan to Scandinavia, with real authority and ease and good sense.

But until he attains this poise and this modesty (around page 369) Mr Rhode writes as if Collingwood were breathing down his neck, making him nervous and causing him to inflict thought on the movies in the most unsettling and erratic ways. Mr Rhode hints darkly that editing is a "much deeper process" than we think; distinguishes mysteriously between "suspense intended to whip up thrills and suspense that touches on a genuine social anxiety"—don't thrills too rest on a genuine social anxiety, however diffuse? He tells us that the world of the Keystone Cops resembles a paranoid attack and that "anal sadism and fecality abound in these comedies"; and he finds "some displaced genital activity" in Abel Gance's *La Roue*. More often Rhode's psychology runs to versions of the family romance. He informs us, quite gratuitously, that Irving Thalberg was a "mother's boy"; sees Buster Keaton, "devoted to his father", as finding a "paternal surrogate" in Joseph Schenck; insists on the "Oedipal situation" in *The Jazz Singer*; notices a regression to infancy in *The Public Enemy* and a retreat into adolescence in *Citizen Kane*; and most improbably, sees the Marx Brothers as drawing strength from "the structure of family life". Not all of these speculations are unreasonable, but Mr Rhode drops them as supposedly self-sufficing nuggets of meaning, proof that he really is writing a history of thought and not merely the story of the flicks. Mr Rhode is so anxious not to be caught just *recording* that he tends to turn historical events into emblematic figures in a vast, receding, ideal drama. The October Revolution in Russia, we learn, "had dramatized a change in consciousness"—not a word about its realizing a change in the order of Russian society. The threat of war "cannot account for the despairing mood" of many French films of the 1930s because "at best an outward threat could only have mobilized a pessimism of such conviction, not initiated it."

Even so, Mr Rhode has useful chapters on the early Soviet cinema and on the films of Weimar Germany, and his grander notions of history can also be seen as the shadows cast by a smaller and simpler ambition: the wish to write a book that would not simply be a catalogue, a bewildering list of names and dates. David Robinson's *World Cinema*, in many ways a more lucid and helpful book than Mr Rhode's, degenerates all too often into such a list, its sections linked (or rather separated) by straight geographical jumps: "In Italy, as we have seen . . ."; "In America . . ."; "The Japanese cinema industry . . ."; "In Cuba . . ."; "In Brazil . . ."; "In Sweden . . ."; "Holland, with a strong documentary tradition . . ."; "In Poland . . .".

Mr Rhode occasionally telescopes his arguments into obscurity—"A universal access to miracles opens the way . . . to the controlling power of propaganda and the manic sweep of certain kinds of historical survey"—and in one chapter, called "Utopianism and Despair", he moves from *Gone With the Wind* to Garbo by means of a very shaky connection ("But historical romance also had other shrines"), from Garbo to Hollywood biographies by means of an even shakier one ("But if Hollywood could be casual with women, it could be just as casual with history"), and from there to Renoir by throwing in the logical towel altogether ("No other film-maker was to achieve so much in the 1930s as Jean Renoir"). But generally this is a book to read and argue with, not a book just to refer to. It is a series of descriptions and judgments and propositions, and the nudgings into significance I have complained about are the reverse side of Mr Rhode's virtues, the misses that go with his hits.

Emil Jannings in Josef von Sternberg's The Last Command *(1928), from Eric Rhode's* A History of the Cinema.

He has a knack for quick characterization, as in his remark on the "unrelenting sunshine" of Douglas Fairbanks's personality, or his view of Buster Keaton as a man who "responds to the unexpected as though it were inevitable"; or his sense of Mizoguchi's setting up his images "as though he thought that the experience of living in the present had to be dismantled and then reconstructed before it could be believed in"; of films like *Rebel Without a Cause* and *East of Eden* as describing adolescent crises from a point of view "not so much parental as that of a slightly corrupt uncle".

He is persistently present as a discriminating critic, making drastic choices about what to leave out. He is not much interested in film as popular art or entertainment, and says almost nothing about the major film genres. What he has written is not a history of thought in Collingwood's sense, but an account of a series of powerful movie sensibilities, notably those of Griffith, Chaplin, Eisenstein, Sjöstrom, Murnau, Lang, Von Stroheim, Von Sternberg, Ford, Welles, Buñuel, Fellini and Godard. This is a director's cinema with a vengeance—once or twice Mr Rhode appears to define art as the projection of interesting personal pathologies, to adopt, that is, a psychologized version of the "politique des auteurs"—but I assume that finally, when the dust of battle has settled, when credit has been given to all the writers and cameramen and producers and designers and actors and actresses, when studies of film conventions have told us more about the implicit rules of the game, when sociologies of the various and changing movie audiences and industries have allowed us to place the history of the cinema in a more serious general history, we shall still need a clear view of just those sensibilities that Rhode is displaying for us now: Griffith, Chaplin, Eisenstein and the rest.

The potential pendulum here is the familiar one which swings between great men and social forces and contexts in any kind of history; the thing to do, no doubt, is to hang on to the pendulum rather than to get off at either end, or to pretend it can be stopped somewhere in the middle of its plunge.

The mixed origins of the cinema, its birth at the intersection of the magic lantern with the possibility of taking photographs in rapid succession, joined to the fact that the retina retains images very briefly after their source has been removed, continue to haunt both the medium and much of the speculation about it. Photographs themselves are ambivalent, both insistently faithful and subtly treacherous to the world they represent—consider the implications of a phrase like "photographic realism" and then look at the work of any well-known photographer, or even of any keen amateur—but films compound the ambivalence by relying on photography without being, in any but the most literal, technical sense, made up of photographs that move. Nothing is easier, nothing connects film more clearly to the consecutive experience of reading a novel or listening to music, than to stop a movie in order to look at a frame that has just gone past and learn that the frame is not there as you saw it, that the stopped image corresponds to nothing in the moving picture. In a novel you can look back up or across the page; and you can move a needle back across a record. But film is like a live concert, or a novel read in an old-fashioned, unscholarly way. Movement is an essential feature of its rhythm, or of its simulation of life.

Behind all the arguments about industry and show business and art, about the psychology of film, about the movies as instruments of social control or social fantasy, there are two riddles that are virtually as old as the cinema itself: one arose when the first overwhelmingly "real" Lumière film was shown in Paris in 1895; the other when another Lumière film pictured a joke and launched the movies on their life as narrative. The first riddle concerns the peculiar authority of film, its persuasive claim to imitate reality better than any other agency we have; the second its invisibility, its use simply as a modern means of telling stories.

We can usefully list some modes and ingredients of films. There is photography as composition, the moving image treated almost as a still, patterns of light and shade and contrasting shapes and angles, intimations of rich texture in the surface of things. Many good documentaries are memorable for their random compositions they provide, rather than for the lives they depict, and Mr Rhode speaks eloquently of Murnau, in *The Last Laugh*, as a director who "dissolves the obdurate actual world into an experience of light and movement so that it seems to become an aquarium". There is the sense of the camera as an eye, watching scenes unfold without influencing them, and without drawing attention to itself. The films of Von Stroheim, Visconti and especially Ozu are based on this principle, a practice of visual tact and patience—more patience than tact in the case of Visconti.

There is film as montage, separate images cut together into a composite meaning, illustrated not only by Eisenstein's theory of montage as compelling metaphor, but by any well-made comedy or thriller, where the pace and the timing of the film will come almost entirely from the flair (or lack of flair) with which it is spliced together. American comedies, for example, are fast enough but tend to slow down for moral purposes, so that the director or the writer can deliver a lumbering sermon about three quarters of the way through. British comedies often have good gags but almost no pace. It is the difference between *Love and Death* and *Monty Python and the Holy Grail*—although there are one or two other differences as well.

And finally there is film as narrative, as the novel of the twentieth century (superseded now in large part by television). Griffith is really the founding father here, the author of film as articulated story, but I think of Chaplin too, and indeed of most movies as most people see them—with very little awareness of the medium as medium. Fellini once said that as a child he used to watch American films all the time, but did not know there was such a thing as a director. He thought the actors did everything themselves, and this must represent, in some sense, the normal experience of movie-going: an inkling of artifice, but no real interest in its source.

We can tidy this up a little by distinguishing roughly, as Mr Rhode does and as many film critics and historians do, between a realistic and a fantastic cinema, between lineages descending, respectively, from Louis Lumière and Georges Méliès, between reality found and dreams concocted. In a more sophisticated (and loaded) version of the same distinction, we can sort out, as André Bazin does, the [illegible], who shoot scenes in such a way as to allow them to speak for themselves, from the editors, who put their films together in the cutting room: on the one side Murnau, Von Stroheim, Flaherty, Renoir, Welles, Wyler; on the other Griffith, Eisenstein and most Hollywood directors in the 1930s. These are helpful maps. But still the riddles lurk.

Film, patently a technological trick, renders everything real: surrealist fantasies and yesterday's war; Dogger Bank fishermen and Doris Day; Fellini's nightmares and Flaherty's Eskimoes. The question now is perhaps less why this should be so than what can be done about it, since the weird reality of the film image—the curious authenticity that stems from our knowledge that something, however unlikely, was planted in front of a camera for the purpose of this shot—seems to be less and less of an asset to the movies. Endorsed by sound, and abetted by all kinds of improvements in the quality of film stock and equipment, this given reality appears to have locked the movies into a complacent naturalism, into a situation which was that of the novel towards the end of the nineteenth century: waiting for modernism to break it open and let the air in. It is not a question of self-consciousness—dozens of contemporary directors are all too self-conscious—and I'm not hankering for a return to *Dr Caligari* or a flight into film as pure fancy; merely for a sense of fiction (which is also a sense of reality) that keeps company with our century, for a director who would explode the oppressive materiality of the image.

Buñuel and Fellini do this to some extent, of course; but largely they just shift the terrain, and give dreams the specificity that comes with cameras. It is as if Tolkien were to keep insisting on the texture of the fur of his hobbits, or as if Mervyn Peake were to make a conscientious documentary on Gormenghast.

What is lacking in most current movies is the other, unreal implication of photography, its constant reminder that the world of the picture has been framed by a knowing eye. There are moments when Welles and Hitchcock catch just this suggestion, but think back over the past few new movies you have seen. How many of them did not propose, innocently, without hesitation, to show you the world as it really is, with a literality you would laugh at in a painting, or even a photograph, and would feel vaguely uncomfortable about in a novel?

And this leads to the other lurking riddle. What are we to do with the fact that for most movie-goers the medium is not the message and never has been? Who can remember a single camera set-up in a Fred Astaire movie or a Marx Brothers romp or a good old Hollywood weepie? How many people, even now, faced with the most strident of film styles—that of Martin Scorsese, say—will recognize the cinematic equivalent of a purple patch? Does it matter? It is at this point that one begins to reach out for the unconscious as an explanation, as the privileged site of all the most telling effects of the movies, and it must be time to go home, since this—excuse me, would you mind letting me get past?—is where we came in.

To the Editor

The Highway to Abstraction

Sir,—As one of the many artlistorians who are indebted to Robert Rosenblum for his consistently brilliant investigations in the eighteenth century field, I must defend him against the charges brought against him by John Gege in his review of *Modern Painting and the Northern Romantic Tradition* (February 27), for I fear he will not trouble to defend himself. To suggest that a Slade Professor could cobble up a lecture after a mere half-hour in a room containing several thousands of slides is too ludicrous a point to be refuted. To direct so much animus against the perpetrator of an art-historical theory, whether correct or incorrect, seems to me a bizarre fixation against which we should all be on our guard. It makes for distinctly unpleasant reading.

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Sir,—John Gage's review of Robert Rosenblum's study (February 27) calls for some critical comments. What clearly emerges from his casually conducted argument is a strong reservation about iconography when and as applied to the stylistic development of modern art. The iconographic approach, we are told, tends to be "static" and "statistical". These terms are not particularly illuminating nor are his examples of a few German sources sufficient to discredit the iconographic method and, beyond that, *Geistgeschichte* itself.

Not unexpectedly Mr Gage's reservations embrace the history of ideas which he considers "the smaller change" in the stylistic transformations of art. The more valuable currency, he holds, must be found in "the way things look." "For Wölfflin," he tells us, "the end far more desirable for art than ideas, and for visual stimulus there is no substitute for other art." If this is supposed to be an empirical generalization it is patently false. If it is a normative judgment then it is lamentably doctrinal.

Of course, no one denies the immense difficulties facing the historian of ideas in showing how an artist's *Weltanschauung* (a term wide enough to include religious, intellectual and emotional commitments) bears upon his work. Often it is quite impossible to separate a painter's ludebtedness to art from his reliance upon non-artistic factors. As every student of aesthetics knows there is a profound tension between an *extrinsic* and an *intrinsic* approach to art. However both can and sometimes do produce a fruitful tension with one approach complementing and correcting the other. Your reviewer's unkind dismissal of Professor Rosenblum's book is not merely ungenerous but highly dogmatic.

The same dogmatic approach comes out in the detail. Thus he appeals to authorities—the Warburg Circle, of illustrious scholars who apparently "have never taken the period [the nineteenth and twentieth centuries] very seriously". If true, which is more than doubtful, the fallacy of *argumentum ad verecundiam* applies. Runge's work is "of nature, static, transcendental and unfocussed" compared to the Sturm und Drang movement while his art is declared to be a reworking of the neoclassic tradition. Constable's "Salisbury Cathedral from the Meadows" in turn is airily dismissed as one of "his most hysterical and overladen canvases". Stranger still, he insists that Klee's and Kandinsky's vigorous rejection of "mere ornament" implies the very opposite—"we can be sure they were both strongly attracted to it". Few, if any, share Mr Gage's certainty.

It would be tedious to mention other ill-informed or unsupported generalizations. As it is, his review tells more about his own prejudices than about the presumed shortcomings of the books discussed.

AUGUST K. WIEDMANN.
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A Kind of Resistance

Sir,—Your reviewer Klemens von Klemperer (February 27) says: "There were all too many cases in Germany of collaboration with evil, of uninhibited brutality, but there were few cases of unqualified opposition. Most of those who resisted did so, indeed had to do so, from within the establishment. . . ." Your reviewer seems to have accepted uncritically the legend current within the present West German establishment that the only "resistance" worth mentioning was that leading to the plot of July 20, 1944 and its many ramifications: in reality, the vast majority of resisters were humble men and women mainly from the working class, Communists, Socialists, or Social Democrats, who did not work "from within the establishment", but very many of whom paid with their lives or long spells in a concentration camp for their courage and their unwillingness to compromise with an evil regime.

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Hopefully

Sir,—Perhaps it is worth emphasizing that concern about the misuse of the adverb "hopefully" is based not on pedantry for its own sake but on a desire to prevent a small erosion of the precision of the English language (and therefore, of its efficiency as an instrument of communication).

If it should come to be generally accepted that "hopefully" may be used to mean not only "in a hopeful fashion" but also "I hope that" many statements will become obscure and ambiguous since their meaning will necessarily be uncertain. "I will arrive hopefully on Tuesday", for example, could mean either "I hope to arrive on Tuesday" or "I will arrive on Tuesday, full of hope".

Nearly all rules have exceptions and D. B. Gregor in his letter (February 27) draws attention to an instructive one. The Oxford *English Dictionary* acknowledges the use of the adverb "mercifully" to mean "through God's mercy", and the earliest illustration given, dated 1836, is dramatic: "Mrs Villiers is galloping to cover . . . was pitched off . . . but mercifully escaped with life and limb". This use of "mercifully" is unobjectionable since it is difficult to imagine a context in which the mercy referred to could be anyone other than God's.

CHARLES MONTEITH.
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Sir,—Revised, or prescriptive grammar and now obliged to wade through the essays of freshmen deprived of its beneficent influence, I have considerable sympathy for those like Joseph Epstein ("Idioms of Our Time", February 13) who worry over the niceties of English usage. However, I must object to Mr Epstein's criticism of "hopefully". This word is currently a *cause célèbre* among the linguistically self-righteous; I have even heard an editorial on ABC network news—prime time—deploring this "solecism" as a sign of the imminent decay of the language.

Though the use of "hopefully" in "Hopefully he will come" breaks the rule that adverbs must modify either verbs, adjectives, or other adverbs, a large number of adverbs are accepted in precisely this usage. "Presumably", "conceivably", "apparently", "obviously", "clearly", "understandably", and several other "adverbs of cognition" figure, in the most formal prose, in constructions like "Apparently he will come on Tuesday". These adverbs might be understood as condensed main clauses introducing dependent noun clauses: "It is apparent/obvious/conceivable/clear that he will come on Tuesday", or "I presume/hope that he will come on Tuesday". We even have pairs of sentences identical in every respect but intention that illustrate this special use of the adverb: "He competed hopefully" (i.e. "full of hope") and "He competed hopefully" (i.e. "I hope" or "it is to be hoped"). To outlaw such adverbial constructions would constitute blind adherence to an inflexible rule, and to prohibit "hopefully" alone would be to rule arbitrarily. Clearly, obviously, at least hopefully, we are beyond such prescriptive noesense.

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Sir,—"Meditation if not language is big in southern California" Gore Vidal writes (February 20), and goes on to pillory my colleague John Halpern's misuse of "hopefully". I offer no defence of this linguistic aberration; he should like to plead in mitigation that the first warning against its infiltration of your columns also came from Southern California. I must say I felt flattered when the substance of my letter to you (March 31, 1972) was rejected (without acknowledgment) by Philip Howard in the October 24, 1975 number of your big brother, *The Times*.

Not that the solecism is exclusive to southern California, as Peter Conrad's denunciation of its use by Peter Webb (also February 20) testifies. Or even indigenous: I encountered it long ago in Mr Vidal's old stamping-ground, that cultural elysium, the smog-bound eastern American seaboard. And Zen meditation has been known to take place among the grubby and exiguous flora of Greenwich Village, as well as in southern Californian avocado groves.

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Censorship

Sir,—I should like to clarify one point in the review (March 5) of A. H. Thompson's *Censorship in Public Libraries in the United Kingdom during the Twentieth Century*, concerning the decision at Southport in 1941 to pulp P. G. Wodehouse's books.

This absurd proposal was not carried out, because doubts were raised of the legality of pulping library stock which was not worn out. The books were instead relegated to a storeroom, where they remained for some years.

It was early in 1945, as nearly as I can remember, that a gallant attempt to restore Wodehouse to circulation was made by a member of the Southport library staff, whom I had the pleasure of knowing. The continuance of the ban was upheld by the anti-Wodehouse faction in the local council, who had the books put back into storage, as reported at the time by the *Liverpool Echo*. Not long afterwards, the war having ended, Wodehouse's books reappeared on the shelves, and the affair was forgotten.

The anti-Wodehouse faction here was not large. The abortive decision to pulp his books in 1941 was carried by a vote of nine to four, with no fewer than thirty-six councillors abstaining.

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'Operation Menace'

Sir,—Perhaps I may add a few points—and qualifications—to Peter Gretton's review of Arthur Marder's *Operation Menace* (February 20), and in the account of the relief of Admiral North given in the book itself.

The absence of Lord Fraser from the deputation of Admirals of the Fleet which pressed the Prime Minister for an inquiry surely has no other "significance" than the fact that, as Gretton says, he had been a member of the Board which was collectively responsible for North's dismissal. Had he joined the deputation he would have been condemning a decision for which he had, in part, been responsible. Second, Gretton's description of North's post-Oran message criticizing the operation as "most ill-judged" is surely an understatement. Admirals Cunningham and Somerville expressed identical views to North's, after as well as before the attack on the French fleet, but they were not even censured.

I find it surprising that neither in this book nor in his earlier one on Oran does Professor Marder quote the minute by Admiral Pound, the First Sea Lord, to A. V. Alexander, the First Lord, dated July 16—nearly a fortnight after Oran and twelve days after receipt of North's critical message—which, according to Marder, "infuriated" them both (page 150). "It is deplorable", wrote Pound in rejecting the proposal, supported by Churchill, to relieve North, "that officers should give their opinions before Admiralty orders are received as they may be in possession of information which is known to the Admiralty. . . . It is also deplorable that officers should represent their views even after orders are received if they are in possession of information which is not known to the Admiralty." As there was "no question of the Admiralty orders not being carried out" he did not think "there was a case for unprecedented action." Hardly the style of an "infuriated" man or of one who, according to his secretary, was "hopping mad" about North's message (page 198). What has always puzzled me is what brought about the drastic change in Pound's attitude towards North between mid-July and early October; and I cannot accept as adequate Marder's suggestion that the passage of the squadron from Toulon through the Gibraltar Straits provided the needed "catalyst".

As to the consequences of the decision to relieve North, et no eisgo did Professor Marder ask to see any relevant letters or papers in my possession. Had he done so, I would certainly have shown him all I have—or indeed I have done for his earlier works. For example on April 28, 1941, Somerville wrote to Admiral Geoffrey Blake, then an additional member of the Board brought in to try to relieve Pound, "I miss dear North sadly", and con[illegible] a page of astringent [illegible] successor Edward Co[illegible] Marder correctly remarks [illegible] Flag Officer [illegible] 207). Whatever North's [illegible] have been he and Somerville worked together in [illegible] and that desirable [illegible] did not survive North's [illegible] replace a man under [illegible] command system so [illegible] despite its lack of [illegible] well by one under whom [illegible] festly did not can be [illegible] cribed as advantageous [illegible] conduct of the war.

Lastly Marder remarks [illegible] that "it is the weakness [illegible] argument that he does [illegible] to the "important point" [illegible] squadron from Toulon [illegible] been bound for Brest [illegible] West Africa port. [illegible] North's "immediate" [illegible] timed 7-11 am on [illegible] 11 (only about two [illegible] hours after the first [illegible] of the French squadron [illegible] that he was using [illegible] nuisance and would [illegible] probable destination of [illegible] ron. I quoted that [illegible] *War at Sea*, Volume I, [illegible] and Marder also mentions [illegible] 15). In fact the report [illegible] showed that the French [illegible] south-bound, and [illegible] any fair-minded [illegible] North guilty of [illegible] respect.

S. W. ROBERTS.
Churchill College, Cambridge CB3 0DS.

'The Transfer of Power 1941'

Sir,—May I seek the co[illegible] your columns to place [illegible] fact that Sir Pendered [illegible] should have appeared [illegible] own as an editor of Volume [illegible] above work, which was re[illegible] your issue of February 6?

N. MANSERGH.
The Master's Lodge, [illegible] College, Cambridge CB2 1[illegible]

Atterbury

Sir,—Re J. P. Kenyon's re[illegible] *The Tory Crisis in Church a[illegible] 1688-1730*.

Atterbury went into exile [illegible] not in 1721 as Professor [illegible] states.

E. CRUICKSHA[illegible]
The History of Parliament [illegible] Institute of Historical [illegible] University of London.

'Social History'

Sir,—Thank you for the [illegible] afforded to our new journal [illegible] *History in Commentary* [illegible] I would, however, like to [illegible] on your writer's expression [illegible] rage at the price of an issue [illegible] he quotes as being £2.5[illegible]

While it is true that [illegible] issues are sold at this price [illegible] be grateful for the opportu[illegible] point out to your readers [illegible] price per issue for those [illegible] out an annual subscription [illegible] one third cheaper. As [illegible] subscriber in the United [illegible] will receive the [illegible] three issues of [illegible] totalling some [illegible] (United Kingdom [illegible]

H. J. VON KI[illegible]
Methuen and Co., [illegible] North Way, Andover, [illegible]

Among this week's contributors

[illegible] Rogers Robson's most recent books are *Samuel Whitbread*, 1967 and *The Trial of Queen Caroline*, 1967.

MICHAEL HAMBURGER's *Art as Second Nature* was published last year.

SIMON HORNBLOWER is a fellow of All Souls College, Oxford.

P. D. JAMES's recent novels include *An Unsuitable Job for a Woman*, 1972 and *The Black Tower*, 1975.

OLIVER LYNE is a fellow of Balliol College, Oxford.

LEON POMPA is the author of *Vico: The Vision of France*, 1965.

S. S. PRAWER is Taylor Professor of German Language and Literature at the University of Oxford.

CLIVE PROSEN is a Lecturer in English Literature at the University of Lancaster.

ROSA SALE is the author of *Modern Heroism*, 1973.

PAUL SMITH is the editor of *The Histories* [illegible] which was published earlier this year.

DAN SPERBER is the author of *Symbolisme en général*, 1974.

GEORGE STOCKING is Professor of Anthropology at the University of Chicago.

RICHARD STORRY is the author of *A History of Modern Japan*.

JAMES SUTHERLAND is editor of *The Oxford Book of Literary Anecdotes*, which was published last year.

JULIAN SYMONS's *A Man Called Peter* was published last year.

DAVID WATKIN's *The Life and Work of C. R. Cockerell* was published last year.

DONALD WINCH's most recent book is *The Emergence of Economics as a Science, 1750-1900*, 1971.

ARTHUR WOLF is Professor of Anthropology at the University of Stanford, California.

MICHAEL WOOD is the author of *America in the Movies*, 1975, published last year.

C. M. WOODHOUSE's *The Struggle for Greece 1941-1949* was published earlier this year.

Auden and Kallman

Sir,—When Peter Porter (Commentary, February 20) writes, "Henze . . . was unable to cope with Auden in Stravinsky's manner" and "Auden is the greatest librettist this century . . . but only *The Rake's Progress* could be called a perfect collaboration", he ignores the role (fully half the work on the libretti of *The Rake's Progress*, for Stravinsky, *Elegy for Young Lovers* and *The Bassarids* for Hans Werner Henze and *Love's Labour's Lost* for Nicholas Nabokov) of Auden's collaborator, the late Chester Kallman, and so does a disservice to both men.

ALAN ANSEN.
Box 9, Deemochorons 53, Marasleion, Athens 601, Greece.

David Jones

Sir,—Last September the English language section of Yr Academi Gymraeg arranged a highly successful David Jones Weekend Conference at the University College of Wales, Aberystwyth. At that conference, attended by about 100 people, it was decided to form a David Jones Society. Its aims are: to promote the understanding and enjoyment of all aspects of David Jones's work; to hold occasional conferences and public lectures; to encourage the publication of work on David Jones, wherever possible in such journals and with such publishers as already exist; to publish an occasional newsletter, containing information about recent or forthcoming publications, exhibitions, lectures, work in progress and other items of interest and including a "notes and queries" section.

Members of the initial informal committee of the society include William Blissett (University of Toronto) Allen Frear, Paul Hills, Jeremy Hooker (University College of Wales, Aberystwyth), Ray Howard Jones, Peter Thornber and myself. Those interested in joining the society should write to me at the address below enclosing a subscription of £2. They will then be sent a copy of the first newsletter.

DAVID BLAMIRES.
Department of German, The University, Manchester M13 9PL.

'Forget Not'

Sir,—My attention has only just been drawn—more's the pity, for it would otherwise have enlivened a dull Christmas—to Alastair Forbes's entertaining review (December 19, 1975) of *Forget Not*, the book which Margaret, Duchess of Argyll, describes as her autobiography.

One must always accept criticism, particularly when, as in this case, it is graceful and amusing. Mr Forbes, however, has done me less than justice factually.

He refers to my "obvious limitations as a ghost". I am only too happy to agree with him. And if he took proper note of the television interview which his mannions, I am sure, have heard me say that this book was my first experience of ghost-writing and that it will also be my last, since I regard such forms of literary impersonation as rogue in the extreme.

Yet earlier in his review we find Mr Forbes saying (of Mr. Jeffrey Bernard's memoirs): "And of all his crew of *jetsetters* the one who seems to have done the most *polishing* of late has been Mr Michael Thornton." This, amusing though it is, conveys the erroneous impression that I am a ghost-writer by profession.

The most serious error of all, however, is Mr Forbes's suggestion that the Duchess and I have "quarrelled"—the word not mine—because she "wished to take exclusive credit for it [the book] in the preface she has insisted upon including".

This is a total misreading of the statement which I issued on October 27, from which Mr Forbes quotes elsewhere in his review. In fact, I have no objection whatever to the Duchess taking exclusive credit for the book. But I would like to explain why I felt I had to break the secrecy clause in the contract. The Duchess, in her preface, says: "In the autumn of 1974 several people offered to help me write the book, but, experienced as I have, I came to realize that I could tell my story." From this I could reasonably assume that I was one of the "several people" so eager to impersonate the Duchess in print, whose services had been rejected by her. The fact is that I was quite happily involved in a book of my own when I was approached to take over this project. I initially refused the offer and only changed my decision with extreme reluctance after repeated urging by the Duchess.

MICHAEL THORNTON.
Las Garzas, Abbotts Ann, Andover, Hampshire.

Moses Mendelssohn

Sir,—H. Liebschütz's authority on matters Mendelssohnian is well-known, and I thank him for correcting my error concerning Mendelssohn's response to Lessing's theology of history (January 23).

As to the second, more delicate point: I did not mean to presuppose or suggest any single, perversely simple "mental attitude" which would explain the history of German Jewry from Mendelssohn in 1933, nor to piece glibly any one for the tragedy of this century upon Mendelssohn's noble shoulders. History is indeed a much more complicated business, as Professor Liebschütz intimates, and certainly German-Jewish history. Note the lese, when the inevitable generalizations come to be drawn, I suspect that the gulf separating our respective appraisals of the Jewish experience in Germany is very wide. To my mind the abundant achievements of many German Jews of the past two centuries rest ultimately in an almost pathological discomfort with their own Jewish identities and tradition; the concrete sequence of events looks to me like a tale of misguided Jews pitiably disavowing their Jewishness. As a survivor of that grand and complex world, Professor Liebschütz's compressed defence of its dreams is understandable, if saddening; a generation later, and the sun of such survivors, I cannot linger over those dreams quite so fondly. More than once have witnesses recounted to me that the most pathetic victim in the concentration camps was the German Jew who, unlike his Eastern European counterpart, could not understand why he was there—and *that* for me was indeed an "unavoidable consequence" of the self-effacing affair with German culture which began more or less with Mendelssohn.

LEON WIESELTIER.
Balliol College, Oxford.

David Bryce

Sir,—David Bryce, the principal High Victorian architect in Scotland and a master of the Scottish baronial style, died 100 years ago this year. To mark the centenary of a remarkable though perhaps neglected figure, the University of Edinburgh is to mount an exhibition in the David Talbot Rice Arts Centre in November this year. For this purpose many Bryce drawings and architectural papers have already been traced, but one item—Bryce's library—has so far not been found.

A Catalogue of Books in Architecture and Allied Subjects which belonged to the eminent Scottish Architect the late Mr David Bryce was published privately in 1928 when the library was offered for sale "preferably as a whole" by John Bryce Brechin, the sole remaining partner of David and John Bryce Architects, 131 George Street, Edinburgh.

Of the 378 titles listed, one is a manuscript folio volume of sixty-seven pages containing original sketches of Scottish and English ornament by Bryce. There is a tradition that the library was purchased in its entirety by an American university, but I have not so far been able to trace its whereabouts either here or in the States. If it does still exist in one place it must constitute a rare guide to the literature used in a British architect's office from 1800 to about 1880, for it contained not only Bryce's books but those of his old master, who had trained with Smirke, William Burn. If any of your readers should know of the present location of the library, of the volume of Bryce's sketches or of any books with the bookplates of William Bure or David Bryce, I would be glad to hear from them.

ALISTAIR ROWAN.
Department of Fine Arts, University of Edinburgh, 19-20, George Square, Edinburgh EH8 9JZ.

Revaluing Russian values

By T. J. Binyon

VICTOR ERLICH (Editor): Twentieth-Century Russian Literary Criticism
317pp. Yale University Press. £9.

When Merezhovsky, in his essay of 1892 which is customarily taken as marking the beginning of the symbolist movement in Russia, called for a "revaluation of values", he struck a note which reverberates throughout the best Russian criticism of the twentieth century. The symbolists themselves rescued the poets Fet and Tyutchev from neglect, cast new light on Tolstoy and Dostoevsky, and saved Gogol from the dreadful fate of going down in history as a realist and social critic. Whereas most symbolist critics wrote as poets or prophets, their successors, the formalists, were technicians, concerned above all with the artistic device, the way material is moulded and language manipulated. Their reassessments were not so much of reputation or interpretation, as of method and tradition, which, according to Yury Tynyanov, is not a straight line of succession, but rather a series of struggles between the old and the new, where the new uses parody as its weapon.

Criticism, and literature in general, went through a bleak period from 1930 to 1953. Since then, in the phases of thaw between frosts, some critics—represented here by Slavyatsky on Pasternak, Vladimir Lakshin on Bulgakov and Lidiya Ginzburg on Mandelstam—have been concerned, as earlier, to rescue and revalue; but from a deeper oblivion and a more sinister obloquy. At the same time the formalists have their successors in the group of Tartu semiologists, here somewhat condescendingly termed "Soviet neostructuralists", whose work seems likely to be as important and influential as that of the formalists themselves.

In this collection of seventeen critical essays—the first dated 1909, the last 1972—Victor Erlich aims to exemplify the diversity of twentieth-century Russian criticism: not its theoretical aspects, but its treatment of individual works and authors. To the critics I have already mentioned he adds two "early Soviet Marxists"—Trotsky and Aleksandr Voronsky—and fills the gap from 1930 onwards with three émigré critics—Mark Aldanov, Pyotr Bitsilli and Georgy Adamovich.

In his preface Professor Erlich points out that a deliberate effort was made to avoid articles which have appeared, or are to appear, in English, but that he felt obliged to depart from this principle on three occasions because of the importance of the material involved. He would have done better either to stick to his guns or to abandon ship completely; a collection which contained only hitherto untranslated work would be more useful for the student, while the general reader would have had a brighter and better-balanced picture had the only criteria been quality and representativeness. Indeed, this is rather a disappointing book, which fails to present a representative selection and does not redeem this by containing only critical works which have preserved their vitality.

The symbolist contribution is derisory: two pieces on Gogol—a lecture by Bely, in characteristically hysterical vein, and an impressionistic article by Annensky, who in many ways not a symbolist at all. What of Ivanov, Merezhovsky, Bryusov and Blok, the main figures in the movement, all of whom produced critical work, much of which is still of interest?

The formalists do far better, with two articles by Viktor Shklovsky (an extravagant rhetoric) two by Boris Eikhenbaum and one each by Tynyanov, V. M. Zhirmunsky and Roman Jakobson. Of these, Jakobson's "On a Generation that Squandered its Poets" is still perhaps the best thing written on Mayakovsky; Tynyanov's "Dostoevsky and Gogol" is as valid now as it was in the 1920s. Zhirmunsky's "The Passion of Aleksandr Blok" has worn slightly less well, as has the lecture by Eikhenbaum here entitled "Pushkin's Path to Prose". (This title is incorrect, being that of a different article by Eikhenbaum. The correct title is "Problems of Pushkin's Poetics", given in a footnote. And it was published in 1921 not 1924.) Time has not been kind to Shklovsky's "Pushkin and Sterne: Eugene Onegin". Professor Erlich notes his "sweeping generalizations", "clever bons mots", his overstatement and his inaccuracy; the glitter is more than tinsel, and there is nothing so dred as a tired paradox. His other essay, and the other by Eikhenbaum, are no more than makeweights.

Trotsky's coinage of the term "Mayskomorphism", in an extract from *Literatura and Revolution*, has a touch of genius, but the rest of his piece on Mayakovsky falls off sadly, revealing little understanding of poetry, and less of futurism. Aleksandr Voronsky, editor of *Red Virgin Soil*, is better on Babel than his introduction suggests. He may not have the "acumen and critical detachment" of Lionel Trilling — how could he? — but the article is still worth reading.

Of the émigrés Bitsilli provides an interesting treatment of Chekhov from a formalist-inspired point of view, while Adamovich wrestles in vain with the problem of integrating Nabokov into the mainstream of Russian literature, finding an insuperable obstacle in his characters' lack of "soul". Aldanov is better known as a novelist than a critic, but his article "The Enigma of Tolstoy" is brilliant: as original and perceptive, though in a very different way, as Jakobson's piece on Mayakovsky; and going beyond Jakobson in the elegance and wit of its observations:

> [Tolstoy] even spoke to us like a psychiatrist to his patients: gently, cautiously, striving to accommodate himself to our way of thinking; trying not to upset us, diverting our thoughts from heavy or sharp objects that could injure ourselves or others.

Sinyavsky's essay on Pasternak has been printed in English several times, and good though it is, Professor Erlich perhaps overpraises it slightly. The version offered here is much abbreviated. Vladimir Lakshin's perceptive, enthusiastic and verbose on Bulgakov's *The Master and Margarita*; Lidiya Ginzburg is as perceptive and less verbose on Mandelstam. But it is slightly disingenuous to select this critic, who began her debut in 1928 as a formalist, to represent "the recent scene". Professor Erlich fails to include any work by the modern semiologists—Yury Lotman, Vyacheslav Ivanov or Boris Uspensky, all of whom he mentions in the introduction—and this failure distorts the final picture as much as his cavalier treatment of the symbolists falsified the opening sequence.

The translations are somewhat free and, though by different hands, tend to impose a general style, not free from modern critical cliché, on the individual writers. As a result Voronsky loses his colloquialisms, Tynyanov his characteristically learned formulations. There are many omissions, ranging in length from a word to a page or more, which are not signalled.

Inasmuch as this collection brings together under one cover a number of essays on major Russian writers, the majority of which are not easily available, it is to be welcomed; but it is a pity that Professor Erlich did not fully achieve the aim he set himself.

The administration of absolutism

By F. L. Carsten

HUBERT C. JOHNSON:
Frederick the Great and his Officials
318pp. Yale University Press. £8.75.

WALTER HUBATSCH:
Frederick the Great
Absolutism and Administration
303pp. Thames and Hudson. £6.50.

The person and the methods of government of Frederick the Great continue to attract many historians, like his contemporaries they tend to admire or criticize a ruler so prominent among the many absolute kings of the eighteenth century. Two new books—one written by an American, the other by a German professor—both analyse his methods of administration and government, and both are surprisingly positive in their judgments. Hubert C. Johnson, in *Frederick the Great and his Officials*, even claims that "Frederick II was the radical promoter of a new state", in contrast with his father, Frederick William I, whom he sees as "the conservative custodian of the old Prussia". Yet Frederick II greatly admired the administrative system built up by his father. He modified and changed it in detail but left untouched its basic features. Indeed, those basic traits of the Prussian bureaucratic system remained unaltered until it succumbed under the hammer blows of Napoleon in 1806. What is surprising about the system is not that it changed so much, but that it changed so little.

Professor Johnson also asserts that the Prussian system amounted to "Rule by Consent of the Governed", even under Frederick William I. Yet how can he possibly establish such consent? The large majority of the population were serfs living in wretched conditions who could not possibly indicate any consent; and many subjects, who could express an opinion considered the king a tyrant and his methods of government arbitrary, as the dispatches of the British diplomatic representatives from Berlin show only too clearly. Walter Hubatsch states more carefully in his *Frederick the Great*: "Already under Frederick William I the state had been made independent of the sovereign: the 'King of Prussia' was a permanent institution above the king as a person." The machinery of the state assumed a momentum of its own, and it continued to work efficiently under great stress even without the king—for example when Frederick II was absent from his capital during the long campaigns of the Seven Years War.

Both books not only stress the efficiency of the Prussian bureaucracy—an example to many other European states—but also that the top bureaucrats, exactly like the king himself, carried an excessive burden of work for comparatively small reward. *Travailler pour le roi de Prusse* became the byword for selfless, ill-rewarded service. Yet both Frederick William I and Frederick II looked upon their leading officials as "noble fools" and "idiots", thought them lazy, incompetent and corrupt, men who had to be driven to perform their duties under the constant lashes of their royal master, tools who were fit only to carry out the royal orders.

In 1766 Frederick the Great held that his ministers "are employed to carry out my orders, not to interfere . . . they must obediently let themselves be governed, and must not take over the government". And fourteen years later he addressed the War and Domains Chamber of West Prussia in these terms: "You are a thorough-going pack of scoundrels, not worth the bread you eat. The whole lot of you deserves to be given the boot. Just wait until I come to Prussia."

As Professor Johnson puts it, after the conquest of Silesia "Frederick wanted efficient and loyal administration in Silesia and did not believe he could obtain it from the General Directory", the highest organ of the state apparatus created by his father. Frederick therefore founded a new ministry under Count Münchow for the administration of the new province, independent of the General Directory and directly under the king. This then became the prototype of the administrative changes of later years. But the new central authorities increased bureaucratic friction and complications; they served to downgrade the importance of the General Directory and destroyed the uniformity of the old system.

Professor Johnson himself admits that the government "became more and more decentralised; it was divided into mutually antagonistic parts as it evolved after 1740." If one wanted to be less charitable one might say that this was one of the aims of Frederick II, for it prevented any bureaucratic fronde and left all decisions to the king. The volumes of the *Acta Borussica* show how many even very minor issues were decided by a royal fiat and how little initiative was left to the leading bureaucrats. As the great reformer of Prussia, the Freiherr von Stein, wrote retrospectively:

> Everything was done by autocracy, there was no Estates' constitution and no active state council to give unifying force; there was no institution in which a community spirit, a comprehensive view and fixed administrative maxims could develop. Every activity awaited initiative from above. Independence and self-confidence were lacking. . . .

What then were the positive features of the Prussian administration which are so strongly emphasized in these two studies? In the first instance, obviously, the machinery worked reasonably well while a king stood at the helm who was himself willing to shoulder an enormous burden of work; it worked according to firm principles and laws which applied to everybody and in every corner of the monarchy.

The government was absolute but not despotic; the traits of personal despotism which had been very marked under Frederick William I disappeared. In contrast with many contemporary states, the finances of the Prussian state were in excellent order, in spite of the devastations and other calamities of the Seven Years War. At the end of 1763, the year when the war ended, the Prussian state treasury once more contained the sum of 14.8 million thalers, and by the end of Frederick's reign it held the large sum of 51 million thalers. Even the hated *Regie* (administration of indirect taxes under French management) at the end of the reign produced a surplus of 23 million thalers, and the tobacco monopoly alone one of 1.2 million per year. The officials were selected and promoted according to rational criteria. Special attention was paid to the recruitment of technically qualified men, most of them of bourgeois origin.

With regard to the social composition of the bureaucracy, Professor Johnson shows that—contrary to the generally held opinion—Frederick the Great did not entirely reverse the proportion of commoners and nobles in favour of the latter. If prior to 1740, about 17 per cent of the War and Domain Councillors of the provincial chambers were noblemen, under Frederick II the proportion rose to between 25 and 32 per cent. During the following twenty years to 1806 the percentage increased to 36, "a very moderate increase"; but it was more than double the figure of Frederick William's reign.

The nobility also held a near-monopoly of the post of president of the provincial chambers and—perhaps even more important in the Prussian context—of the post of *Landrat*, the official in charge of a local district or *Kreis*. The strong representation of the native nobility in the central and regional bureaucracy had been a characteristic of the administration since the days of the Great Elector, and continued to be so until the end of the Hohenzollern monarchy. It is equally interesting that, among the bourgeois officials promoted to the rank of War and Domain Councillor, as many as 31 per cent came from the ranks of the army.

Professor Hubatsch's book, with its more general text and many illustrations (one of them showing Frederick discussing building plans two years after his death), will appeal to a wider public than Professor Johnson's. Yet it has a number of weak points. There are too many long lists of unimportant towns and districts, of army units with their precise strength at different times. The population of the Prussian monarchy is given as 4,760,519 in 1776, but elsewhere as 5,800,000 ten years later: an increase that was extremely unlikely as no new lands were added to Prussia during that decade. For the population of East Prussia, four widely differing figures are quoted: 600,000 for 1735, 500,000 for 1739, 430,000 for 1776, and "more than 700,000 inhabitants" without a year. Such fluctuations were not possible, even if we are told that the population loss of East Prussia owing to the Seven Years War amounted to 90,410 people. Population figures of the eighteenth century are unreliable, but then why quote them in this form?

More questionable are several attempts of Professor Hubatsch to justify Frederick II's policy where this is clearly very difficult. He tells us, for example, that after the death of the Emperor Charles VI "the Pragmatic Sanction was now open to rejection or confirmation". But the Pragmatic Sanction was only valid for the empire which had not been accepted by the Imperial Diet, but had been signed by Frederick's father. Does this phrase mean that the young king was not bound by his father's signature, or that all treaties are only worth the paper they are written on? There is no further comment. A little later "the legal claims of the House of Hohenzollern to Silesia" are mentioned, again without any further detail. But the Hohenzollerns at best had only claims to certain *parts* of Silesia, such as Jägerndorf (which had been taken from a remote relative in the Thirty Years War), or to Brieg, Liegnitz and Wohlau (which dated back to a hereditary union of the sixteenth century but had been disputed). It was an army of 80,000 men which enforced his best claim, not any legal claim which he did not take seriously.

It is also incorrect to say "the rural masses were not yet dependent on the lord of the manor . . . ". For these two groups constituted the essence of serfdom. At the end of the book we are informed: "Serfdom was the abolition of serfdom" and West Prussia by the manumission of 28 September 1804.

In reality Frederick the Great's abolition of *Leibeigenschaft* was particularly strict when compared under which serfs could not sell and were liable to unlimited labour services; this he was unable to prevent in repeated decrees of his ministers. *Leibeigenschaft* must have had land equally little "absolute" governance. Prussian kings was not powerful enough to penetrate the private sphere of the nobility. Professor Hubatsch shows in a different context that this depended on his calculation that this applied above all to the estates which touched their class interests. Professor Johnson seems to be correct: "The first of the kings to be forgotten was the abolition of serfdom in Prussia and Silesia."

We may admire the personal courage of Frederick II, who saved himself and saved his country by his own exertions, but his monarchy in a hopeless, bitter war during which it nearly succumbed. He was not a king who could make solicitude for his subjects when the fighting finally came to an end. We should not blind us to the weaknesses of the Prussian system even to the weaknesses of the Prussian state which he had left: the status of a Great Power collapsed twenty years after his death, and surely, some responsibility for this must rest with the king who made Prussia run to the path of disaster the path that, after the battles of Jena, was to lead to the disasters of Sadowa and Sedan.

"NOW FOR AN EFFECT"

The promise of Protestantism

By Joachim Whaley

STEVEN E. OZMENT:
The Reformation in the Cities
The Appeal of Protestantism to Sixteenth Century Germany and Switzerland.
237pp. Yale University Press. £7.50.

In recent years historians of the Reformation have concentrated primarily on illuminating the social and political aspects of religious change in geographically limited areas. Reacting strongly against the traditional preoccupation with both imperial politics and high theology, they have plunged into the jungle of German and Swiss local archives and produced numerous studies of cities and localities which reveal a diverse picture of conflict and discussion. The Reformation, which had once been treated as a matter for sedate theological joust played out in the arena of Imperial Germany, is now portrayed (notably and most recently by A. G. Dickens) as an [illegible] movement [illegible] the middle of an intimate number of local segments, capable of collation though not of synthesis.

The result has led to a preoccupation with the social and economic motives that led both groups and individuals to demand reform. In addition there has been an attempt to show how Protestantism was peculiarly apt for town councils eager to preserve medieval ideals of corporate unity. Such preoccupations have diverted attention from the central issue of church reform. This, after all, was the major theme of those upheavals which perturbed so many local communities as well as cities in Germany and Switzerland during the early sixteenth century.

It is this distortion which Steven Ozment's important new book seeks to correct. With massive scholarship, masterly powers of analysis and a magisterial though flowing style, he sets out in *The Reformation in the Cities* to re-examine our understanding of the religious issues involved in the Reformation century. Under the influence of the true appeal of Protestantism to the townsmen lay not in any otherworldly superiority over Catholicism, but rather in what it offered the individual in social terms. Men and women did not forge their own destiny by seizing on the religious debate as a pretext for advancing material claims—rather they understood and accepted the freedom which the Protestant preachers offered them.

Professor Ozment places the origins of this upheaval firmly back into the fifteenth century which, he argues, saw an astounding growth of popular piety. At the centre stands the Catholic Church imposed an increasingly petty religious devotional routine on the lives of its members. Attempts by the city councils to subject the clergy, who were exempt from taxation and socially privileged, to some form of control came to little. Popular awareness of clerical abuses was enhanced by the activity of preachers sponsored by the more concerned laity. The result was a society in which criticism of church was both bitter and widespread, a society in which many were eager to listen to the promises of the Protestant vanguard.

Rejecting the Weberian view of Protestantism as a burdensome creed, Professor Ozment shows that the first generation of preachers offered freedom above all. They promised liberation from the tyranny of the confessional and from the corrupt tutelage of bishops. They instituted a new social ethic which cast mobility in ethical terms. They promised to alleviate the "psychological" and social burden of religion, which religious energies and endowments directly served the common good". The debates of Luther, Zwingli and the rest were, of course, important; none the less the popular message was driven home by such skilful propagandists as Eberlin von Günzburg, who was not slow to point out the social benefits of reform, and by such perverse dramatists as Niklaus Manuel, whose "Totenfresser" makes Holy Scripture sound like a supersacramental [illegible] of certainty, and freedom through the pursuit of a secular life. As the clergy became citizens, so the citizens became priests.

Professor Ozment discusses the social meaning behind the appearance of the new creed by showing how it could have little idea of a separate theologico-political kingdom of their normal everyday lives. He also argues forcefully that the idea of internal conflict in the minds of the cities has been overdrawn. The "fanatic stonethrower" cried by older humanists, Muntzer, did not use language strong enough to frighten the faithful. In most cities it succeeded (as it did in Saxony under Frederick the Wise) as the result of a compromise which secured acceptance by the city of a creed which normally made sense but economic, social and political sense too.

The harsh world of civil war modified in Professor Ozment's analysis by the addition of a well-found religious perspective. He shows city government acting in those typically sixteenth-century realms between Machiavelli and Calvin.

It is impossible to do justice to this magnificent book in a few pages. Only may argue, perhaps with Professor Ozment's intention of the iconoclastic [illegible] as the "anguished outburst of people who suddenly realized betrayal; or with his tendency to assume that the reformers were more than reformers; rather revolutionaries who wanted to create a new Church. Surely Luther and others displayed a remarkable tenacity to leave the old Church when they were forced to do so in the 1520s largely by the need to protect from growing radicalism such a certainty. None the less, this remains a major achievement. Ozment's "Copyright and Copywrong" shows were the essential basis for the Copyright Act of 1842. His humanitarian poems, "The Song of the Shirt", quickly became so famous that it was sold on ballad sheets, and ladies wore the uplifting refrain on to pocket handkerchiefs:

Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,
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"The Bridge of Sighs" and "The Pauper's Christmas Carol" were not much less famous. But no seamstresses are making shirts at 1½d a piece today, those who were paupers are on social security, and "unfortunates" are setting themselves up in Knightsbridge pads after getting rid of their children, rather than throwing themselves off Waterloo Bridge. These, in conjunction with the thumping rhythms that Hood thought appropriate for such themes, place most of his humanitarian propagando pieces in the class of those seriously intended works that, as Wilde said, it is almost impossible to read without laughing. His prose is always lively, but lacks any special distinction, and his work as a visual artist (he was trained as an engraver) is competent without any particularly individual. What triumphantly survives, and looks much better to us than it did to his contemporaries, is the comic verse in which he uses his technical virtuosity to criticize society.

Hood's sensibility was essentially Victorian in its blend of the humanitarian and the brutal, its sentimental refinement and its zest for painful physical detail. It took him some time to emerge from the shadow of the Romantic movement and there is always to be found that strain in his work reflected by his close friendship with Lamb and his worship of Keats.

He was a voluminous rather than a vivid letter writer, but one of the virtues in Peter F. Morgan's edition of his letters is that it shows the development of his feelings away from the whimsical in the direction of the topical and the comic. Hood's only collection of "serious" verse, *The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies*, is Keats and water, and what one sees is the transformation of a poetaster into a strong, eccentric comic talent. The eccentricity came partly from Hood's own unwillingness to accept the nature of his gifts, so that he was slow to accept the label of being a funny man implied in the editorship of magazines with titles like *Hood's Own* and *Hood's Magazine*, to which he was also the chief contributor. In a sense the humanitarian poems of his last years were a development of his early Keatsian tendencies.

It is plain, however, that his writing was also affected by the sudden financial disaster of 1834, when he was faced with the choice of becoming bankrupt or of going to live abroad while he tried to pay off his creditors. He chose to go abroad, and lived for five upon the whole miserable years in Coblenz and Ostend, years which coloured the permanent ruin of his health. It is not Professor Morgan's fault that the letters throw little light on the reasons for his departure, although some of them—like one taking up eight printed pages written a few weeks before he left England—convey the frantic agitation of his mind. There is something distinctly mysterious about Hood's financial affairs, or at least something explicable only by the unfriendly view of a contemporary that he was hopelessly extravagant and improvident. One does not get that impression from the correspondence, yet although he was often cheated by publishers it is clear that he received a good deal of money. In the late 1820s he was being paid more than £200 a year for theatrical work, and the advances paid on the comic annuals he edited were considerable. The haste with which he habitually worked was caused partly by his frequent ill health and partly by urgent need of money, but it was also prompted by his personal ineptitude.

It used to be common to distinguish sharply between Hood's different kinds of verse. A two-volume edition published in 1887, when he was still very popular, is divided into "Serious Poems" and "Poems of Wit and Humour". In fact the two interfuse, so that the humorous poems are often serious in treating a comic subject, and several serious pieces are savagely or grotesquely comic. Are poems like "The Last Man" and "Miss Kilmansegg and her Precious Leg" comic or serious? Poe, who wrote as well as anybody about Hood, remarked that "It is in this species of *grotesquerie*, entered with a rushing abandon . . . that Hood's marked originality of manner consisted." In "The Last Man" one of the two last men left alone on earth hangs the other:

So I haul'd him off to the gallows's foot
And blluded him in his bags;
'Twas a weary job to heave him up,
For a doom'd man always lags;
But by ten of the clock he was off his legs
In the wind and airing his rags!

So there he hung, and there I stand
The LAST MAN left alive,
To have my own will of all the earth:
Quoth I, now I shall thrive!
But when was ever honey made
With one bee in a hive! . . .

For the lion and Adam were company,
And the tiger him beguil'd;
But the simple king are foes to my life,
And the household brutes are wild.
If the veriest cur would lick my hand,
I could love it like a child!

There is a blend of the grotesque and the brutal in Hood that prefigures a similar strain in Dickens and in Poe, something a world away from the sentiality of the "Ingoldsby Legends". Physical infuries and disabilities are often treated as jokes:

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And used in war's alarms.
But a cannon-ball took off his legs,
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In this early poem the puns crackle in each verse with an effect of callousness which reminds us that inveterate punning is always an expression of some dissociation between the sensibility and reality. It is some thwarted tenderness that makes Hood describe how Ben's former lover Nelly Gray jeers at him and takes off his wooden legs:

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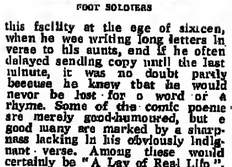
Ben Battle hangs himself in despair. Another Ben, a sailor, chews his pigtail till he dies when he comes home to find a faithless lover.

That is one aspect of Hood. Another is presented by the straightforward comic poems designed for recitation. Several of these, like the hard picture of London life among the poor in "The Lost Heir" and the bustling eagerness of "A Public Dinner" are more effective social criticism than his tear-jerking pieces. Almost all of these poems are marked by a dazzling technical skill, and most of them by an exuberance, a zestful pleasure in the use of language, that is not matched elsewhere in nineteenth-century verse. "A Public Dinner" catches exactly in its breathless Skaltaics the noise and hurry of the occasion, as well as the difficulty of getting anything to eat.

Your soup-plate is soon full,
You sip just a spoonful.
Mr Roe will be grateful
To send him a plateful;
And then comes the waiter,
"Must trouble for later";
And then you drink wine off
With somebody—nine off;
Bucellas made handy
With Cape and bad Brandy,
Of East India Sherry,
That's very hot—very!
You help Mr Myrtle,
Then find your mock-turtle
Went off while you lingered.

The Mr Jingleish diner misses every course, hears dismal speeches and lists of donations, and goes home hungry. The hectic energy of the poem is maintained through two hundred lines. Elsewhere Hood uses Ogden Nash running rhymes, internal rhymes, triple rhymes at the end of each line ("Even is come; and from the dark Park, hark!"), and flits then effortlessly into a variety of metres. He had slightly cooling about this approach of taste. When Hood set out to attack a person or a social practice with some particularity, as in the Odes to Rae Wilson, Esq" who had accused him of blasphemy, he does so with a disagreeable insistence on his personal rectitude as a man who takes care not to be involved in politics, a virtuous man who enjoys a joke, but only "within the limits of becoming mirth". Nothing is less agreeable than the pride in sexual purity felt by one whose wit is often sexual physical and so brutal. He congratulated himself in the pension application that he had "not devoted any comic power I may possess to lays of indecency or ribaldry", and he had a long and angry argument with the acting editor of *Hood's Magazine* who had written an article on "The Polka" approving of "a moderate display of the 'bounteous-waving bosom'". There can be no doubt of the innocuosity of one half-naked Hood replied, and although it is true that this was written in his last months and that, as he ironically wrote in another correspondence, "I have never been quite alive for some years" it represented views he had held all his life. They are views which to a modern eye differ only in degree and not in kind from those he attacked.

Hood was in several ways a forerunner of Dickens. He too had feelings rather than ideas, was indignant about social evils but did not want to change society, was an artist without any particular conception of art. He returned to England from exile at a time when Chartist agitation was at its height, yet there is no mention of Chartism in his letters. Carlyle also remains unmentioned, although this was the time at which he was exerting his most profound influence upon nineteenth-century opinion. To remain untouched by the strongest currents of feeling in one's own time, to write as though they did not exist, must be a barrier for any writer interested in abolishing social evils. Yet to point out the limitations imposed by Hood's viewpoint is not to underestimate the value of what he produced. His excesses of sentimental feeling and the violence that lay beneath it he was a true Victorian, born a little early. His use of his marvellous virtuosity was, again in a typically Victorian way, often wasteful, but the achievement shines among the waste. A selection of his best work would show him as what he unquestionably is, the most serious and accomplished comic poet of the nineteenth century.



FOOT SOLDIERS

The illustrations on this page are from Hood's Whimsicalities *and* Memorials of Thomas Hood.

The light and the dark

By Julian Symons

PETER F. MORGAN (Editor):
The Letters of Thomas Hood
703pp. University of Toronto Press. (Books Canada). £10.

In July 1844 Thomas Hood, very ill and heavily in debt, as with intermittent bursts of false health and prosperity he had been for many years, set out his claims to a state pension. They began with a list of his writings, "small fruits and few, towards what you will call my literary *dessert*". His merits, he said, were mostly negative, for instance, "that I have not given up to party even a *participle* of what we meant *for mankind*", or that his principles "were so liberal as to be catholic . . . . 'I stooped to truth', as Pope *stoopedly* says & moralized my song'." The strongest recommendation was the moral certainty that I can last but a very few years. *That* is indeed the *sole* consideration that could induce me to accept any thing of the kind, as it might enable me to make some slight provision for my children—whom I am but too apt to leave, like the children of literary men in general, to a double lament—for the author of their being, & for his being an Author.

Hood got his pension, although it was a mere £100 a year, and he had less than a year left in which to enjoy it: but what other literary man, of his time or since, would have backed his claim with such excruciating puns? Hood, however, thought in puns, as somebody learning shorthand often thinks in shorthand characters. He wrote puns to Jane Reynolds when courting her ("Why are fish-women like Dr Faustus. Because they sell their soles"), and punning letters like this one to Thomas Gent:

On behalf of an Annual, for which I am a literary A-gent, I apply to T. Gent, for the favour of a contribudon. Be pathetic, if you like, as on the Daughter of the Regent, or jest, if you please, & be Fun-Gent, but, pray be diligent, and for this cogent reason, that time is ur-gent.

He made puns about his wife's impending child ("every day I am nearer father to being a parent"), about his own illnesses and about his travelling adventures and adventures. He ended a letter to Dickens "& believe me, Boziffully".

It is not surprising that Hood is today remembered chiefly as a punster, nor that in keeping with his comic image his name has been shortened to Tom, as it never was during his life. Nor is it surprising that his literary reputation is low. We may not feel with John Dennis in the eighteenth century that "a man who could make so little a pun would not hesitate to pick a pocket", but still a professional punster is for us, as for many of Hood's readers, no more than a clever fellow of a low sort.

Hood thought better of his serious poems than emphasis on his negative qualities suggests, and he would have been as indignant about his present lack of reputation as a serious writer as he was about the amount of his pension, which he thought of refusing. He was an active and successful campaigner for author's copyright—his "Copyright and Copywrong" papers were the essential basis for the Copyright Act of 1842. His humanitarian poems, "The Song of the Shirt", quickly became so famous that it was sold on ballad sheets, and ladies wore the uplifting refrain on to pocket handkerchiefs:

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But when was ever honey made
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For the lion and Adam were company,
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But the simple king are foes to my life,
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That is one aspect of Hood. Another is presented by the straightforward comic poems designed for recitation. Several of these, like the hard picture of London life among the poor in "The Lost Heir" and the bustling eagerness of "A Public Dinner" are more effective social criticism than his tear-jerking pieces. Almost all of these poems are marked by a dazzling technical skill, and most of them by an exuberance, a zestful pleasure in the use of language, that is not matched elsewhere in nineteenth-century verse. "A Public Dinner" catches exactly in its breathless Skaltaics the noise and hurry of the occasion, as well as the difficulty of getting anything to eat.

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And then comes the waiter,
"Must trouble for later";
And then you drink wine off
With somebody—nine off;
Bucellas made handy
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That's very hot—very!
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Anatomy of an exodus

By Sylvia G. Haim

ISHAQ BAR-MOSHE:
Al-khuruj min al-'Iraq (Exodus from Iraq) is not a book of memoirs in the accepted sense. It is a book of recollections, a record of true episodes, either experienced by the author or related to him by reliable witnesses from different communities. These witnesses, many of whom had or have subsequently acquired prominence in various walks of life and in different parts of the world, he identifies by name—or, in the case of those people whose career in Iraq could suffer, by pseudonyms or initials.

The recollections are not confined to mere stories of persecution. They are full of striking portraits and colourful descriptions. Although each episode is in itself self-contained and highly interesting, the powerful impact of the book derives from the accumulation of a large number of such episodes. Taken together, they present the reader with a teeming panorama of incidents and characters, and constitute a kind of history of a community caught up in the disturbed and violent politics of Iraq between 1945 and 1950.

Isheq Bar-Moshe was born and lived in Baghdad; he emigrated to Israel in September 1950, while still a student at the Law College, Baghdad. In 1969 he founded the Arabic daily *al-anba'* which he edited for one and a half years. He is now head of the political section of the Arabic broadcasting division of Israel radio. He has published several collections of short stories in Arabic, his native tongue. This book, written with detachment, wit and feeling, is particularly useful for understanding and appreciating how individual freedoms were suppressed, and the ease with which this was done, in Iraq under the monarchy. During the 1950s and before the 1958 coup, Iraq seemed, in the eyes of Western publicists, to have attained peace and prosperity thanks to the benevolent rule of Nuri al-Sa'id, who then dominated Iraqi politics. The question of why such a seemingly happy state of affairs came so suddenly to such a violent end is very rarely asked. A large part of the answer however can be found in Bar-Moshe's book. The incidents depicted, sometimes trivial in themselves, build up a picture of arbitrariness, mirrule and injustice. As recounted here, official treatment of the Jewish community prior to and during the process of its emigration to Israel may stand as an illustration of a most important aspect of a recent Iraqi history—the collapse of the courts of law and the degradation of justice.

The book contains a great deal of information about the growth of political parties, notably the Communist Party and the National Democratic Party, and about a number of newspapers such as *al-Istiqlal* and particularly its notorious evening offspring *al-yaqzat*, which was assiduously read by Jews who wanted to follow its scurrilous Nazi-type campaign against themselves. The prominent [illegible] the League for the Struggle against Zionism is discussed in more than one episode, Bar-Moshe also refers to the execution of S. Dehal, a Jewish communist, who conducted his own defence and made an impassioned speech in court denouncing the crimes of the government against an innocent population. The presiding judge hurled abuse and obscenities at him, et the communists and at the Jews in general, slapped his face a few times and sentenced him to be hanged.

Dealing with the Jewish community itself, Bar-Moshe describes in the first place his own generation: young people thirsty for knowledge and enlightenment, echoed with a growing feeling of disquiet, sensing the crisis which they would soon have to face, simmering just below the surface. Though he himself was one of those young people, Bar-Moshe, imbued with a feeling for history and destiny, retains a sense of humour and of proportion.

It is therefore possible to smile with amusement while reading of the high official, a Jew, who was sentenced to five years' imprisonment because of a deliberate misreading of annotations he had scribbled in the margin of the reports which were part of his daily routine. One cannot help being also amused at the manner in which a Jewish prisoner was made to part with his watch, his only possession, in jail. During the long hours of waiting for interrogation he became very friendly with a Muslim prisoner who, having one morning noticed a new interrogator, warned his Jewish friend that the man was a reputed thief who might appropriate his watch if he saw it. He kindly offered to keep it safely for his friend. The interrogation over, the Jew asked for his watch back. He was met with a blank denial of any knowledge of the watch. The Jew thereupon went back to the interrogator and told him how hurt he was to hear an honest officer maligned in this way. The officer came out angrily, slapped the Muslim prisoner and handed on him that Jewish property was in no way to be made free with. The watch was meekly handed to the interrogator, who coolly pocketed it and sweggered away.

To illustrate Iraqi *mœurs administratives*, there is the story of the prisoners being transported from Basra to Baghdad under the care of two policemen who were entrusted with a letter dealing with the case. Their curiosity being greater than their discretion, the officers decided to read the letter. They were horrified to discover that the number of prisoners supposed to be in their care was one more than they could actually account for. At the next station, having noticed an itinerant vendor of water-melon seeds, they rushed out of the carriage, kicked over his roasting pan, rained heavy blows on him and dragged him, pleading and screaming, on to the train. Upon arrival in Baghdad, they discovered to their dismay that a telegram had preceded them correcting the mistake in the letter. The poor vendor had the utmost difficulty in proving his innocence.

Many cases illustrate how, in Iraq, the processes of the law, once in motion, abandoned all sense. The rabbi of Khanaqin, a ninety-four year old man bent double with age, was arrested on the charge of smuggling Jews out of the country; he died two days later, and his body was returned to his family for burial. A few weeks later, he was sentenced in absentia to four years' hard labour.

When Zionism was made a punishable offence in 1948, old harmless correspondence between relatives and friends in Iraq and Palestine was raked up and people were made to answer serious charges of conspiracy. There is the little-known episode concerning Reuben Bactat, a retired judge and subsequently a deputy, whose career spanned many decades. While he was at home ill in bed, he was tried, sentenced, and pardoned all at once without himself or his lawyer being present. The charge was that in the early 1920s Bactat, acting in his judicial capacity, approved a trust which a Jew from Basrah had set up in his will in favour of four religious foundations in the Holy Land. This, the court ruled, was a criminal act which showed his sympathy with Zionism. The peak of the terror was the hanging in front of his own house of the Jewish millionaire Shafiq Adas, or whose trial his Muslim partners were not even called to give evidence. Wealth and position were no longer a protection.

In retrospect, the incidents which Bar-Moshe recounts may be seen to constitute an ominous prelude to and preparation for what followed on the downfall of the monarchy. Mahdawi's infamous People's Court which was set up after the coup (transcripts of the televised proceedings have been published in twenty-two large, closely printed volumes) may be seen as a continuation and development of trends initiated by the public men of the monarchy. The utter disregard of legality, the defencelessness of private property and the callous capriciousness which Iraqis of all conditions have come to accept, were, to start with, the lot of one particular group of Iraqi citizens.

Bar-Moshe lays the blame for the oppression, the injustice, the nightly arrests without warrant and other forms of terror which were used mainly, but not wholly, against Jews, on Nuri al-Sa'id and his government. All governments from the early 1940s to the 1950s, he writes with vehemence, were "short-sighted, lacking in judgement, and criminal". He may be been concerned to make a comparative judgment, he may have tempered his assessment of Nuri's regime.

According to Bar-Moshe, it was the oppression they suffered and not a belief in political Zionism which impelled the Jews to flee the country. The Zionist underground, about which he has very little to say and which he believes made many mistakes, was, in his opinion, the direct outcome of this natural and frantic desire to escape. However, he sees the alienation of the Jewish community, strongly aware of its ancient and unbroken history, as symptomatic of a deep malaise affecting the whole country. Official policy and not the hatred of the populace was responsible for the injustices. The book is in fact full of incidents which testify to the deep bonds of friendship and goodwill which generally existed between individual Jews and Muslims.

The silent traveller in Tokyo

By Richard Storry

FRANK GIBNEY:
Japan: The Fragile Super Power
347pp. New York: W. W. Norton. $10.

KENICHI YOSHIDA:
Japan is a Circle
149pp. Tenterden, Kent: Paul Norbury. £2.75.

Frank Gibney, who enjoys the unusual distinction of being a foreigner at the head of a purely Japanese commercial firm, and Kenichi Yoshida, even rarer, a Japanese scholar of English with an immaculate command of the English language, offer us, in terms of intellectual sustenance, something of a gastronomic treat. For [illegible] a delectable course concocted by a master hand.

Japan: The Fragile Super Power is the mature distillation (by the author of *Five Gentlemen of Japan*, justly praised some twenty years ago) of long experience of life in Tokyo. There are not many books on contemporary Japan that can rival it for authenticity, genial understanding, and lipolisse of style. Japan-watchers will immediately recognize the phenomena that Gibney describes. For example, when discussing the familiar fact that the Japanese male is "the world's committeeman par excellence", Gibney observes:

> Their deliberations are time-consuming, wordy, and, to an outsider, consistently exasperating. But they generally end up with the kind of wise consensus that is an envy to us all. The Japanese variety of group decision, for all its defects, can be compared with other memorable national inventions such as the Macedonian phalanx, the Viking longboat, the Lancashire spinning machine, and the Empire chaise-longue, as one of those inspired devices which has gained prominence for its nation at a particular point in history.

Take, again, his remarks on the Japanese intelligentsia:

> Too much tied to the Japanese order of things to become an active force for revolution, they are too perceptive and idealistic to accept the political and social realities they see around them. Yet their comments and criticisms are less like a modern vanguard than an ancient chanting utter "chorus" of a *No* play. They warn, moralize, and criticize from the far side of the stage.

This is a valuable aperçu. Gibney is surely right when he argues that as long as the intelligentsia refuse to cooperate with government and [illegible] the task which [illegible] left behind. He knows what he is talking about. For the company of which he is president is engaged in the production of the Japanese version of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*; the work takes Gibney and his editors deep inside Japanese intellectual life.

Gibney believes that the situation of Japan today is more precarious than it was in the militarist 1940s, and he supplies plenty of evidence in support of this diagnosis. His general approach, however, is not wholly pessimistic. He is too wise to be a confident prophet about anything Japanese; and although the central theme of his book may be the fragility of Japan as a superpower, he evidently finds Japanese life and society not a little endearing. And his good humour is rarely absent as he surveys a remarkably wide range of topics, covering much of the political and social scene in more than three hundred pages. He has discovered only one minor historical inaccuracy: it was not the *Tosei-ha* but the *Kodo-ha* which wanted to attack the Soviet Union in the 1930s.

Kenichi Yoshida is the son of the famous national father-figure, the old politician who, in Gibney's words, "became an almost professionally contankerous man". He belongs therefore to that elite club whose members, the offspring of political leaders of the first rank, have included Herbert Bismarck, Alice Roosevelt Longworth, and Randolph Churchill, junior. He chose not to follow his father into public life. Instead, he devoted himself to the scholarly study of English literature and the writing of novels and essays; and he has become in his own way almost as famous in Japan as his distinguished father. It was completely fitting that Yoshida should have been the Japanese translator of *Brideshead Revisited*. It is impossible to think of another Japanese scholar who [illegible] this task with [illegible] sophistication.

So, as one would expect, *Japan is a Circle* was written in English; and the publishers are to be congratulated on their coup in persuading Yoshida—a prolific writer in Japanese—to write his first book in English for them.

It is a collection of articles in a light vein, reminiscent of the now rather neglected E. V. Lucas school of English essayists. Yoshida's essays have a languorous urbanity that is all the more pleasing for being in many respects out of step with our barbarous times.

It is not the *croissants* and the morning coffee, the *natsuki* and the Hokusai, the muezzins on the minarets that matter, but something which, if we have it, makes us enjoy those things, or at least, some of them. We come to know a place, or a country, if we like it; if we do not, and feel that we never shall, the only thing to do is to leave the place as if we were not there.

This feels that in your [illegible] porary situation Kenichi must live as if he were interposing (like Lady Murasaki) "the thought of Heaven between himself and insolvent nature and upliftedness". "This particular [illegible] not seem to his worth [illegible] when we compare it with [illegible] places only a few miles [illegible]

But the posture is [illegible] consistently negative. [illegible] Yoshida writes [illegible] elegant and discriminating [illegible] Above all he celebrates the attractions of *The Hidden Sea of Japan*", the coast of [illegible] corrupted by the [illegible] triolism that has blighted the Pacific coast and the Inland Sea.

In Sakaiê we get [illegible] is a cross between [illegible] Château Yquem and [illegible] like the French wine [illegible] enjoyed from movies [illegible] into the night, or late [illegible] are rooms in Kesennuma [illegible] not with cinnabar but [illegible] lozuli, giving them a [illegible] imaginable refulgence [illegible] Niigata, fern-fronds [illegible] spring so that they [illegible] add charm to the [illegible] they are served in.

But Yoshida is aware [illegible] passages may attract [illegible] hordes of visitors to [illegible] localities; so he is careful [illegible] us that "*the* back of [illegible] worth seeing only [illegible] In that essay [illegible] express brains, starved [illegible] sense cold [illegible] inside". Thus, if Gibney [illegible] one kind of fragility [illegible] to another. This message [illegible] he that even when they [illegible] in concrete, forty storeys [illegible] Japanese are still living [illegible] houses.

A failure in the family

S. J. Bindoff

[illegible]NE DU MAURIER:
[illegible]en Louis
[illegible]tody of Anthony Bacon, Francis [illegible] their Friends
[illegible]pp. Collenez. £5.

[illegible] of an eminent father and a [illegible] mother, and with an [illegible]tual giant for his brother, [illegible]ny Bacon would himself be [illegible] most unknown to history were it [illegible] for the survival of his correspondence. The riches of this collection, which has long reposed in the [illegible]trymen. His strong [illegible]ary of Lambeth Palace, were [illegible] not revealed in the mid-eighteenth [illegible]tury by Thomas Birch, and a [illegible]ndred years later it was drawn [illegible] by James Spedding for his life [illegible] Francis Bacon. Of immense [illegible] to the historian for the light [illegible] throw on the diplomacy of the [illegible] elace Bacon spent several [illegible]rs as the Earl of Essex's gathered [illegible] foreign intelligence, the papers [illegible] also the prime source for the [illegible] of their begetter: here are preserved the letters which passed between him and his mother, brother, [illegible]tron, colleagues, friends, acquaintances and creditors.

[illegible]t is upon these personal letters, the best and most numerous for any queen and her ministers, Bacon's cousins William and Robert Cecil, [illegible] Deme Daphne du Maurier has [illegible] Golden *Lads*, the first [illegible] detailed study of a life doomed to [illegible]stration, futility and failure. [illegible]mbridge and Gray's Inn were followed by twelve years on the Continent, mainly in south-west France, [illegible] thao, after an aloofness interlude, by the five with Essex; left [illegible] abundant, mysterious and homeless by the earl's downfall, Bacon [illegible]rived him by only three months, [illegible]ing in May 1601 at about forty-[illegible]. Sickly since childhood, he [illegible] been progressively crippled by [illegible] disease which he put down at the time [illegible]ed gout but which, from his own [illegible]cription of the symptoms in a [illegible] letter to a physician, could [illegible] been arthritis, neuritis or, less probably, disseminated sclerosis.

[illegible] to his physical handicap was [illegible]ed the homosexual tendency [illegible]ch in early middle age got him [illegible] trouble at Montauban—this episode is the book's sole revelation—and which doubtless helps to explain why he never married or, it seems, went with women.

His was perhaps a case of mother-fixation: the formidable Anna Bacon certainly sought to live his life for him, bombarding him with the letters which have immortalized her as none of her scholarly efforts could have done. Her life-interest in the mansion at Gorhambury also left him without a home of his own—the lodging at Essex House must have been one of the attractions of his service with the earl—while the division of the Lord Keeper's estate between the offspring of his two marriages meant that Bacon's income was inadequate to his needs. It is not hard to believe that, freed from one or other of these inhibitions, he would have made his mark, in diplomacy, politics or literature; as it turned out, he teetered on the edge of them while his brother pushed his way to fame and fortune.

Dame Daphne brings to the telling of this haunting tale all the arts, and some of the artifices, of the practised novelist and biographer. Into a narrative patterned on the life story of the central figure she has skilfully interwoven those of the chief supporting cases, of Anna and Francis Bacon, William and Robert Cecil, and Essex himself, while the whole fabric shimmers with the comings and goings of a legion of minor characters, kings and queens and ministers, ambassadors and agents, writers and playwrights (Mootnigoe is in full view and Shakespeare only just out of sight), servants and pages. She succeeds remarkably in controlling this huge cast, in effecting the many changes of scene demanded and in maintaining the action. The reproductions of or quotations from the letters themselves give solidity to the text, while a generous complement of illustrations helps the reader to visualize the people and places concerned.

Such merits will ensure the book many appreciative readers, and to say anything which risks spoiling their enjoyment of it must smack of pedantry. Yet a caveat must be issued for the sake of those who are less contented than was Miss Tilney, when reading history, to take the tales with the true, the embellishments as well as the principal facts based upon sources of intelligence in former histories and records. Of original documents Dame Daphne may indeed appear to have enough and to spare, and although she might have found a few more, notably the two letters—perhaps the best—which Bacon wrote to Essex within a few months of the earl's death, on this score she is beyond serious criticism. With "former histories" she has fared less well: thus if she had looked at the late Sir John Neale's study of the Elizabethan parliaments she could have made more sense, and better history, of Francis Bacon's part in them. But it is in the "embellishments" that she is most apt to mislead, for here the novelist in her wars with the would-be historian.

Two examples may serve, one from the beginning and one from the end of the book. In first two pages give a fetching account of how Anne Bacon, then Anna Cooke, helped her father instruct the young Prince Edward: this, we may be sure, would continue to please a latter-day Eleanor Tilney even after she had been told that it was an eighteenth-century fabrication, but it cannot be reconciled with the well-attested decision to give Edward a purely masculine entourage or its placing before the old king's death with the fact that Sir Anthony Cooke had nothing to do with the boy's education until he had been three years on the throne.

Then there is the burial in St Olave, Hart Street, with which the book closes. Having first noted that the claim on behalf of the author's research assistant to have "discovered" the place of burial hardly squares with the publication in 1894 of the entry in the register, we meet with the observation that the brevity of the entry, the absence of a will and the fact that Francis Bacon makes no reference to the burial suggest that it may have taken place secretly at night, and with the further speculation that the dead man may have committed suicide. Either is, of course, possible, but on to an interpretation of the circumstances mentioned: the entry is not unduly brief, Francis Bacon's papers have not survived intact as have his brother's, and intestacy is no ground for thinking that death occurred in suspicious circumstances, only that it was probably swift. Even though 1601 was not a plague year in London, there were plenty of ways in which the disease-ridden cripple could have met his end other than by his own hand.

Plain man's Salisbury

Paul Smith

ROBERT TAYLOR:
Salisbury
[illegible] Allen Lane. £5.75 (paper[illegible] £3).

[illegible]200-page biography of Lord Salisbury is rather like a day-trip up [illegible]rest. One sympathizes with [illegible]ert Taylor in his task of coming into the limits of child [illegible] the life of a man who played [illegible] role not only in British but [illegible]pean and even world affairs [illegible]urter of a century. The difficulty is increased by the shortage [illegible]d modern studies on which [illegible]. Since we do have some [illegible] monographs on Salisbury's role in foreign policy, Mr [illegible] has sensibly decided to [illegible]ize domestic politics, but [illegible] ground is less well mapped [illegible] need for a new, full-scale [illegible]phy of Salisbury more apparent.

Taylor has consulted a number of manuscript collections in [illegible]n to Salisbury's own vast [illegible] but inevitably he is for the [illegible]ent deploying familiar material—perhaps comes closest to [illegible]ging conventional wisdom in [illegible]ng that the legislative performance of Salisbury's governments [illegible] as meagre as is sometimes [illegible]d, and he makes a good case [illegible] positive character of Salisbury's interest in social reform, [illegible] hardly for crediting the [illegible]ministry with "a far more [illegible]ive legislative record than [illegible] Disraeli's between 1874 and [illegible] any of Gladstone's administrations".

[illegible]e complex question of the [illegible]ship between Salisbury and those he led, he tends to skirt the problems. He notes Salisbury's assiduous and effective use of the platform, without analysing the character of the rapport between the speaker and his mass audiences. He grasps that for Salisbury Unionism was "not a self-confident ideology binding together the ruling class, but far more a desperate recognition of the essential fragility of Imperial power", but fails to ask how far the Unionism of his supporters was of the same kidney. How did a fiercely anti-democratic, aristocratic intellectual manage to put himself over en successfully in the era of democracy? Mr Taylor does not supply an answer, partly because he omits to consider how far, for all Salisbury's complaints, "democracy" was what Britain had, even after 1885. How did a man who invested no sentiment in party and despised many of its most natural manifestations prove one of the most victorious party leaders over? Why did a man who grumbled so much about the burdens of power and its lack of real substance grasp it so firmly and so long? Mr Taylor declines to probe too deeply into Salisbury's psychology and tactics. He finds him an enigma and leaves him a riddle.

Lack of space occasionally drives Mr Taylor into mere enumeration and prevents his setting Salisbury's thought and actions in a full enough context to facilitate their critical assessment. Nevertheless, his summaries of domestic and foreign politics are often workmanlike. Both for the student and the general reader, a competent sketch of Salisbury's career is badly required. What makes it difficult to recommend Mr. Taylor's *Lord Salisbury* is the extraordinary carelessness which pervades it. The book is full of errors, mostly small in themselves, but tending cumulatively to destroy confidence.

Quotations (often hard to check, since there are no source references) are frequently inexact, and parts are omitted without the usual indication. Salisbury wrote of "square" not "square". Conservatism as being played out, of the claim of party "fealty" not "reality", and of "sanitary", not "salutary", arrangements as being part of the "garnish", not "tarnish", of the Radical programme (pages 29, 37, 38). It was the "headlessness", not "headlessness", of the Indian Civil Service that he criticized in the Commons (not, as we are told, the Lords) in May 1867; and did he really write "Khalifa" for "Khalifa" in 1896?

Facts are not always secure. Disraeli did not become Prime Minister in January 1868, but in February. Dissenters were not excluded from "university entry" until 1871, even at Oxford and Cambridge. The Russo-Turkish war begins "in the summer of 1876" on page 52 and (correctly) in April 1877 on page 56. It is hard to interpret the statement that in the 1895 election the Unionists "managed only to poll 31,000 votes more than their opponents, 49.2 per cent of the electorate". The Unionists, with 49.2 per cent of the votes cast in the United Kingdom, polled, of course, *fewer* votes than all their opponents combined. It is even harder to see how Mr Taylor knows that Salisbury "was to look with anger and dismay" at Chamberlain's tariff reform campaign "after 1903"—the year in which he died. The list of minor slips is extensive, from the "Zulficar" (instead of "Zulfiqar") pasa to "A. L. Kenny" (for "A. L. Kennedy") in the bibliography. But at least Mr. Taylor, who devotes much attention to Ireland, must be given credit for one splendidly appropriate Irishism: "the pantheon of Irish demonology".

Ducal doubts

By Roger Fulford

BRYAN BEVAN:
Marlborough the Man
320pp. Hale. £5.50.

To the large literature about Marlborough Bryan Bevan has added an urbane and readable account of the duke's character; "intimate" is the word used by the publishers to describe *Marlborough the Man*. But possibly the great archdeacon of Wiltshire (Coxe) was first in this field when he claimed that his biography, written 150 years ago, "delineated his character as a man". Where Mr Bevan is at his easiest is in his setting of the background, his description of royal persons, of the court and of the human beings with whom Marlborough mingled. He is perhaps less happy in drawing the duke's character when he tells us that his hero had "little of the common touch", "did not care for dramatic gestures" (who does?) or that "natural delicacy" revealed "the feminine element in his character". Marlborough has to be appraised by the verdict of his contemporaries: he kept no diary and has left us nothing to be compared with Wallingford's conversations with Lord Stanhope.

His letters to the duchess are intact and ample but allowances have to be made for anyone writing to that ramipede lady. His behaviour to kings and queens will doubtless be debated until the end of time; the relationship was uniformly stormy till all cleared with the remark of George I on his accession—"My Lord Duke I hope your troubles are now all over."

His description of James II in 1688 must place a very large question-mark over his character. Sir Winston fought manfully to excuse Churchill and it is curious to notice that, unlike his forebear, he was to stand fast, beyond the bounds of prudence, to a later English king when the floods were bearing him down. But the most incurable admirer of the duke can only blush with anguish on reading his letter when he deserted James II, and no less the letter of apology to the king only three years later—"I throw myself on my bed but can not sleep." Unravelling the motives behind all this, the author must have echoed the regret of Byron: "I wish he would explain his Explanation."

In default of that the author is convincing when he rather plays down the religious justification and concentrates on ambition. Although those living in the West Country have always had the agreeable conceit of magnifying the importance of their gentry, the Churchills were a family of only moderate consequence—even if we leave aside the supposed descent from Mrs Meggs, the blacksmith's widow. The point is that Churchill was in a very different position from the earls and dukes generally named with him among the traitors to King James. He had to make his own way, and the temptation to disloyalty was strong. We are also apt to forget—and Mr Bevan might have developed this point—that there was not all darkness on one side of the Royal Family and sweetness and light on the other. Churchill may reasonably have felt that some kind of accommodation to satisfy the ambitions of William and to secure the rights of the Prince of Wales was a possibility. Did not the Electress Sophia—as late as 1700 when she was the likely Protestant choice for the English throne—urge King William to repeat his offer to King James to adopt the Prince of Wales?

The turbulent Tyne

By J. F. C. Harrison

PETER CADOGAN:
Early Radical Newcastle
153pp. Sagittarius Press. £3.95.

"Certainly if I did not believe there was another world" doubted John Wesley in 1759, "I would spend all my summers here (Newcastle), as I know no place in Britain comparable to it for pleasantness." Such unexpected gems are perhaps the chief delight of this modest book. Lest its title should evoke comparison with A. Temple Patterson's *Radical Leicester* (1954), let it be said at once that *Early Radical Newcastle* is not at all of the same order, and is in no sense a definitive history of Newcastle in the early nineteenth century. It originated as a dissertation undertaken by Peter Cadogan when he was a student at the University of Newcastle many years ago, and is dedicated to the memory of the late W. L. Burn.

The book is basically a narrative account of the town's changing politics between 1809 and 1839, drawing upon local journals and collections in the Newcastle Reference Library. There is useful material on the Keelmen's strikes and on the radical struggles of 1815-22. The bond system, working conditions in the coal industry, and early trade unionism are outlined. In 1831 the Northern Political Union was formed, "watchfully to guard the principles of the Reform Bill, and to support the Friends of the People in both Houses of Parliament".

Its main instigator was Thomas Doubleday, a middle-class radical and Quaker. Links with the more famous Birmingham Political Union were maintained through Charles Attwood, a Newcastle ironmaster and brother of Thomas Attwood, the Birmingham radical leader. The "cause of the people" did not lack able and influential supporters in Newcastle, and Peter Cadogan quotes extensively from contemporary radical publications.

The liberal use of such quotations is really the most valuable aspect of the book. In such a short space it is impossible to do justice to the richness of Newcastle's history in the nineteenth century. Thus the physical transformation of the town in 1834-39 by Dobson and Grainger is tantalisingly introduced but abandoned after only a couple of pages. Again, the chapter on Chartism gives only a truncated account of the movement because of the cut-off date of 1839. More seriously, the author seems to be unaware of recent work on Chartism (by William Machl and the late A. R. Schoyen) and on radicalism and working-class movements in the north-east. And statements such as that the working class in 1815-22 was "without a political tradition of its own" would be disputed by many scholars in these post-E. P. Thompson days.

Text and transcript

By Michael Hamburger

FRIEDRICH HÖLDERLIN :
Sämtliche Werke : Frankfurter Ausgabe
Introductory Volume
Edited by D. E. Sattler
119pp. Frankfurt: Roter Stern. DM 38. Paperback, DM 22.

The announcement of yet another critical edition of Hölderlin's works—when the would-be definitive Stuttgart edition has only recently been completed after some thirty-five years of intense and highly expert work—must meet with scepticism in some, and with little less than dismay in others faced with the prospect of replacing or adding to all those bulky and costly volumes on their shelves if the claims advanced for the new edition prove valid. This introductory volume to a projected twenty-volume edition serves to substantiate those claims with a minimum of argument.

An editorial note of only four pages, more factual than polemical, and a biographical summary suggesting that Hölderlin's life and work have been deliberately misinterpreted, lead straight to the evidence—specimen texts presented in photocopies of the manuscripts, printed transcripts that exactly reproduce the state of those manuscripts, "phase analyses" in which the successive stages of composition are distinguished typographically, and "reading texts" presented as what they are, inevitably conjectural approximations to a final text of poems that never attained finality. Notes these reading texts differ substantially from those in the Stuttgart edition, the Stuttgart version is reproduced for comparison. The elucidatory notes are few, brief, and tentative. All the poems in question belong to Hölderlin's last creative period before the collapse of his magnificent ambitions. They are "Das nächste Beste", "Der Winkel von Hahrdt", "Der Adler", "Lebensalter", "Mnemosyne", the fragment beginning "Reif sind . . ." (previously regarded as a version of "Mnemosyne") and "Colomb". In the case of "Der Winkel von Hahrdt" and "Lebensalter", pieces sent out for publication by Hölderlin, the changes are minute, but not insignificant: punctuation only in the first, a new reading of one word in the second.

The ideological motives that have impelled a non-academic publishing house to take on so demanding a project without a subsidy, and a non-academic editor to take on the gruelling task of re-editing such manuscripts, are by no means irrelevant, but are outside the scope of the present review. A political and historical revision of Hölderlin's image is one of the edition's aims. There have been other attempts in recent years to dislodge Hölderlin from the pedestal raised for him by generations of pious commentators and exegetes, though not on textual grounds. To judge by the introductory volume, the new edition is likely to succeed in that, provided it does not lapse into partisanship and maintains the assumption that the texts will speak for themselves. With a new generation of readers in mind, the price of each volume, and of subscription to the whole set, is to be kept as low as possible.

Even the few texts in the introductory volume cast a new light on Hölderlin's work. The editorial procedure brings out the fragmentariness of those texts, but also the range, sweep and radicalism of Hölderlin's vision. One thing that becomes clearer than before is that the description *vaterländische Gesänge* (patriotic songs or hymns) does not begin to characterize the poems that Hölderlin drafted, but in most cases could not complete before he withdrew into ingenuousness. By reproducing every word in the manuscript—including phrases that may have been mere keywords jotted down by Hölderlin as aids to composition—instead of relegating the seemingly incongruous to a critical apparatus, and making successive "versions" out of passages that yield no coherent sense in the context—D. E. Sattler has also brought out the amazing modernity of Hölderlin's own procedures, quite especially the synoptic historical view that reminds one again and again of Pound's *Cantos*, which their author at one time also called "drafts".

Some of the phrases now restored to the text, like "Die Apriorität des Individuellen (than das Ganze" words that precede the text of "Reif sind" in the manuscript and are used as a parenthetic title here, offer sudden illuminations not only of Hölderlin's philosophical concerns at this time but of his poetic practice: the "precedence of the individual over the whole" has a bearing on the vividly specific images, and the mere naming of persons and places that carries so much of the weight previously carried by generalizations.

The inclusion of French words and phrases in "Colomb" presents another analogy with Pound's practice; and the words "Naiveté der Wissenschaft", now restored to the text, render a daring perception that one is tempted to apply to Hölderlin scholarship. In a letter to his publisher of the same period, 1803, Hölderlin wrote that "it is a pleasure to sacrifice oneself to the reader and, together with him, confine oneself within the narrow barriere of our as yet childlike culture". The late drafts and fragments jump those barriers and leave most readers behind most of the time; but it is a rarer pleasure to follow this poet's flight and catch up with him here and there.

Words and the contingent world

By S. S. Prawer

ROBERT E. HELBLING :
The Major Works of Heinrich von Kleist
275pp. New York: New Directions. Distributed by McBride Bros and Brodley. $13.50; paperback, $3.95.

English-speaking countries have been slow to recognize the stature of Heinrich von Kleist, one of the most original and complex writers of the nineteenth century. Robert E. Helbling's book may help to bring about a change. Four of its features make it reasonable to entertain such a hope. First there is the sane and balanced view the author takes of Kleist's art: he describes, sympathetically, the literary precipitates of Kleist's struggle with language and the opacity of the contingent world, but does not gloss over his lapses of taste, his gropings and uncertainties. Not only have the plays, stories, essays and letters been studied with due care and attention—Professor Helbling also evaluates a large number of critical studies of Kleist's works against which he checks his own readings. Inevitably there are some gaps—might not something have been made, for instance, of H. A. Korff's and Wilhelm Lehmann's interpretations of *The Prince of Homburg*?—but both the survey of Kleist's life and thought in the first part and the critical analyses of his plays and stories in the second are made more perceptive by national summary of, and argument with, the recorded theories of earlier critics.

The second virtue of *The Major Works of Heinrich von Kleist* lies in its constant endeavour to illuminate the past through parallels and contrasts with the present, and the foreign or strange through parallels and contrasts with the familiar. It reminds us tactfully, of Rodmen existentialism, of *The Trial*, of *L'Etranger*, of *Look Back in Anger*, of the films of Ingmar Bergman, without ever allowing us to lose sight of the essential differences between Kleist and Kafka, Kleist and Camus, Kleist and Osborne, the dramatic art of Kleist and the art of the film. Comparisons with more recent works are given perspective by many expositions of the place Kleist's thought and his art occupy in the history of German philosophical idealism and German Romanticism. Here the restricted scope of the book has led to some oversimplifications—Mörike, for instance, can hardly be classed as a "Romanticist" alongside Fouqué in the summary way here adopted; but on the whole Professor Helbling's classifications are sensible and just.

The third virtue—and it is one all too rarely found in works of such thorough scholarship—is that the book takes nothing for granted. In the best sense it offers English-speaking readers an introduction to Kleist and Kleist-criticism. Plots are summarized before they are analysed. The well-known facts of Kleist's biography are given as well as those about which there might be doubt and speculation. All quotations are in English, with footnotes supplying references to Helmut Sembdner's standard edition for those who want to look up the original German text.

Fourth and last, whether he is writing about Kleist's life, his thought, or his art, Professor Helbling keeps constantly in mind the great tolerance which agitate them all: the inadequacy of human language; the "language" of objects and the difficulty of interpreting them; the deceptive or fragile "world-order"; the subjectivity of all knowledge; the fallible tests of "feeling" and intuition; the tragedy and comedy of deception; the "grotesque" element of human experience; the search for justice; the claims of patriotism in a country occupied by a foreign invader, and its relation to the demands of an often quirky individuality; the dark forces in the depths of the human mind that direct men's actions in ways of which they themselves are not aware; the relation between conscious and unconscious motives in everything we say and everything we do. It is the interplay of these problems, the development of Kleist's own view of them, and, above all, their influence on the texture and structure of Kleist's literary works which constitute the main fascination of this story. Professor Helbling has to call upon his reserves of Kleist's continued research into a number of authors of whom earlier publications, like his *Wege zur Literatur* (1967), have already proved his intimate understanding. A reviewer suggested that for that earlier work the title "Wege zur Literaturwissenschaft" would have been nearer the mark, and in Professor Guthke's new book too, it is the technique of study and presentation that may well be found to be the feature of most general interest. *Literarisches Leben im achtzehnten Jahrhundert* does not deal, as its title might suggest, with conditions of German literary life in the age of the giants, Herder and Kant, Goethe and Schiller, but with the exploration of byways in the rather bleak literary landscape just before their time.

There is, however, a fly in the ointment. This is not so much the author's occasionally defective sense of the history of literary genres—though he does talk of the *Novelle*, for instance, as if it were a form laid up in heaven which "*should* revolve around . . . a central event of unusual though not improbable nature", in which "there *should* be on the whole Profnsexr Helbling's classifications are sensible and just.

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The dominant figure in these studies is the Swiss polymath Albrech von Haller, doctor, scientist, poet and critic, who was professor of anatomy and surgery at the new University of Göttingen at the age of 29. After only seven years in the chair, already famed throughout Europe and courted by emperor, he returned to Bern to continue his researches in peace and to give his native state the benefit of his wise counsel. For twenty-four years more he kept a close eye on the "Society of Wissenschaften" he had founded in Göttingen and wrote in average a review a day, every Sundays, for the *Göttingische gelehrte Anzeigen*—he himself contributed in about thirty years nearly 9,000 notices, nine tenths of them on scientific subjects, in famous periodical. They were unsigned, and Professor Guthke, who has long been interested in Haller as critic, finds the evidence for Haller's authorship sometimes shaky. He has searched for selected clues in Haller's private letters, by no means in vain, and he has also tracked down the review articles, each about twelve lines long, sent in by Haller in 1749 while still in Göttingen, to the *Bibliothèque raisonnée des ouvrages savants de l'Europe*, which covered all the sciences from astronomy and physics (especially electricity) to anatomy and botany, and had—*Clarissa Harlowe*.

Colombo

If I desired to be one of the heroes
And freely, with the shepherd's voice or a Hessian's,
His native speech, could profess it
A seaman hero I'd be. For action, to gain is
The unsi mutable thing
Of all

Indigenous dwelling and order, thoroughly compact,
To learn sunrise beauty and figures
Burnt into sunl
Out of night and fire, full of images, telescope
Polished until it's true, high expertise, that is, for life
To question the sky.

But if you name them
Ausou and Gama, Aeneas
and Jason, Chiron's
Pupil in Megara's caves in the rocks, and
In tremulous rain of the grotto a man's image is formed
From the forest's impressions, and the Templars who
To Jerusalem, Bouillon, Rinoldo,
Bougainville [voyages of discovery
as attempts to distinguish
the hesperian orbis from
the orbis of the ancients]

Mighty is their number
But more mighty are they themselves
And strike dumb
the men.

And yet

And over to Genoa I want to go
To ask my way to Colombo's house
Where he, as though
One were one of the gods and marvellous
Were human kind,
Dwelled in sweet youth. Light
But one turns
About essentially, like a
Picture man who stands
In front of the courthouse, from Sicily perhaps
And shows pictures of the countries
And of the great
And sings the world's glory,
but if

You ask me

As far as my heart
Reaches, it will go
As custom and art command.

But they embark
ils crient rapport, ils ferment unisou

in es un saisrien

A murmur it was, impatient, for
By a few little things
Discomposed as by sunrise the earth
Grew angry and hurried, while they cried
Manna and bread from Heaven
With prophecies and
Great outcry, of prayer with grace,
At supper.
This irks me, little
Patience and gnoiness my judge and tutelary goil
For we are human
And they thought they were monks.
And one as orator
As vicar appeared to us
In a blue doublet
entière personne content de son
âme difficultés connoissance
rapport tire

But out that way, so
That we'll get
Moving, thus
Mighily judging
The sea-god's voice called
The companions, pure voice
By which heroes recognize
Whether they're turned out right
Or not—

Rush in, you streams
Of love and God's mercy and bliss in what's his,
To understand powers, o you images
Of youth when in Genoo, then
The terrestrial orb, Greek, childlike in shape
By force under my eyes
Lulling to sleep, like the spirit of poppies compressed
Appeard to me

That is wholly you in your beauty apocalyptica.

moments tirées hautes sommets the maritar
Colombo apart, though, hypostasis of the previous orbis
naiveté of science
And sighed among themselves, at the hour
After the day's heat.
lui a les pleures

Now they saw

For they were many
The lovely isles.

so that
With Lisbon

And Genoa shared ;

For lonely not one
Can endure the wealth
Of the heavenly; for indeed
a demigod
Can stretch the armour, but
To the Highest
Such working is almost too little
Where daylight shines
And the moon

And therefore

so

For often, when
The heavenly grow
Too lonely, so that
Alone they hold together

or Earth; for all too pure is

Either

But then

the traces of ancient discipline,

Friedrich Hölderlin

Translated by Michael Hamburger from the text in the new Frankfurter Ausgabe.

Doctor of letters

By W. H. Bruford

KARL S. GUTHKE :
Literarisches Leben im achtzehnten Jahrhundert
423pp. Berne: Francke. Sw fr 98.

Rather less tangible findings result from similarly conducted inquiries into the secret reactions of Swiss and Haller to their early visits to the protracted controversy between the Swiss and the Leipzig literati, and into Haller's religious years. Among other subjects discussed in Haller's anonymous reviews of Shakespeare and what they have in common with his colleague Lichtenberg's observations, German reactions to Chatterton's pseudo-medieval poems, the state of the German theatre in the 1770s, Gessner's poems and Klinger's play, *Die Zwillinge*. All these topics are fleshed with scholarly thoroughness, with full attention to the literature of the subject and skilful use of rare or hitherto unnoticed archival material, like Heller's private *Judicia* on his reading. To one who has lived through the latest series of developments in hermeneutics, from positivism through "Geisteswissenschaft" to work-immanente Interpretation", it seems like a deliberate return to the meticulous "Philologie" of the nineteenth century, but with a dressing, as we shall see, of early sociology. It is only a liberal neo-positivism "cured of diseases of causal thinking", the author says in his general introduction, that will provide a sound basis for the tracing of intellectual connections, such as scholars of the 1920s attempted in their too airy speculative surveys.

In this general introduction Professor Guthke describes in sociological terms the factors which, in the second third of the eighteenth century, produced in Germany for the first time what can properly be called an active literary life. The new features were the emergence, later than in France or England, of professional writers, the sale of their work on the open market through the agency of publishers and booksellers, the sifting of current production by reviewers and critics, and above all the growth of the reading habit in a mainly middle-class public. It is not this background, however, that is the main concern of the literary scholar, he says, but authors and their writings, movements and their intellectual affinities.

Professor Guthke arranges his material in five chapters, with titles and introductions which suggest that we have before us a systematic description of the literary life of an epoch as one aspect of its culture. The impression produced however is not that of a work conceived as a single whole, but of articles linked together by afterthoughts about sociology, and a list of learned periodicals is in fact supplied in which about three quarters of the material first appeared, over a period of years.

Breaking the classical mould

By Christophe Campos

W. D. HOWARTH :
Sublime and Grotesque
A study of French Romantic drama
445pp. Harrap. £12.75.

The introduction to *Sublime and Grotesque* somewhat oversteresses its originality in saying that French Romantic drama has long suffered from neglect on the part of theatres as well as historians. The current attempts of the decentralisation dramatique to narrow the gap between high and low culture, its liking for swashbuckling plot as well as for schizophrenic characters of the kind Musset did rather well, have led to a growing number of revivals over the past few years. At the time of writing, an exciting *Lorenzaccio* is being presented at the Espace Cardin by pupils of the Conservatoire; while *Marie Tudor*, *Lucrèce Borgia* and *Ruy Blas* all have been on will shortly be produced in one or another of the suburban theatres of Paris. As for historians, W. D. Howarth's own bibliography is witness to the appearance in the last decade of half a dozan major studies, by people probably attracted to Romanticism, like the producers, by a feeling that the literary styles of that age we are still heirs to have once again become relevant to our current interests: individualism, the defence of the oppressed, escapism and the bizarre extremes of investigation into our emotional being.

It is, however, true that since Maurice Descotes's study, *Le Drame romantique et ses grands créateurs*, no one has surveyed the field comprehensively; that there has up to now been no satisfactory book on the subject in English; and that Professor Howarth has added considerably to our awareness of the function of Romanticism in French theatre history by tracing it all the way through from Crébillon's *Idomédée* (1705) to Rostand's *Cyrano de Bergerac* (1898). The noisy middle years (1827-52) during which Romanticism was a proclaimed creed are no longer artificially isolated and estranged: the reader can see what they owed to eighteenth-century experiments and which of their habits survived the end of the literary movement—indeed, the final chapter rightly points to the diverse ways in which such modern authors as Claudel, Montherlant, Giraudoux, and even Sartre, are indebted to styles established in the early part of the past century.

Although the book benefits from the most thorough, open-minded and helpful kind of scholarship, it is led by its very wide scope to do what merely scholarly studies often neglect, and that is to offer definitions both general and specific of Romantic drama, seperable from its own innovatory claims and anecdotal background. Certain of its features are best seen as reactions against neoclassical theatre: the use of violent and emphatic language replacing the reserved half-tones of the *style noble*; the irregularities of structure as opposed to the traditional unities; the disappearance of the conventional *confidents* and the subsequent recourse to the dramatic monologue, providing self-characterization rather than character portrayal. Other features are a direct application to drame of the socio-political atmosphere generated by the revolutionary period; the theme of persecuted innocence suffering at the hands of social villainy; the appearance on stage of crowds and the attempts to translate "crowd feeling" into dramatic language; the renewed awareness of the relevance of every possible plot to the contemporary situation. Other features still are echoes of contemporary poetic conventions (pathetic rather than tragic outcomes, singularization of character, lyrical expressions of the death-wish), while Romantic drama is also seen here as drawing on a series of conventions established in the popular theatre of the time, one of the favourite styles of which was melodrame. From this tradition come the black-and-white attitude to moral issues, the large-scale scenic devices, the reliance on stage directions concerning gestures and effects rather than on words, the *sententia* replacing lengthy analysis, the proliferation of minor characters with purely pathetic features and handicaps.

Not only has Professor Howarth read carefully and is able to discuss a number of important minor plays most critics are content to quote: he has also delved with some courage into minor types of drama, which contented some authors and audiences, and are important to the understanding of the highbrow mainstream we would tend otherwise to see as a series of bizarre assertions. These are for instance the *drame bourgeois*, which first moved against classical conventions; the *scènes historiques* popularized during the great flourishing of revolutionary political rhetoric; the *proverbes* of the eighteenth century, surviving for instance in Musset's armchair theatre. This book traces clear but not over-categorical paths through the jungle of conflicting tendencies that surrounded the two great breakthroughs of Romantic drama: the elder Dumas's *Henri III et sa cour* in prose and Hugo's *Hernani* in verse. It also describes the productions es events against the background of personal and institutional intrigues that were rife in this jungle, and provides a good survey, backed up by a chronological table of plays and actors, of theatrical personnelities and practices from 1820 to 1850. It avoids, except in passing nods, the sentimental sub-history of Miss Smithson and Mlle Mars and all, but manages to show how these popular figures did influence authors and styles. In all, it is comprehensive enough to become immediately a work of reference for any student of the subject, while at the same time offering a great deal of valid critical comment, such as is often made in university courses but not recorded because detailed analysis of classics gets published less often than do historical studies. Professor Howarth is particularly interesting in his comments on "High" and "low" styles; he is sensitive to the quality of verse and chooses excellent quotations to support his argument; he is able to refer with confident familiarity but not too painstakingly to the opinions and viewpoints of practically all previous critics.

Having said that this study is something of a landmark, I must add that it is not perfect in all ways. There are very few inaccuracies, but it should be pointed out that Hugo's famous "Réponse à un acte d'accusation" was dated 1834 but written in 1854 (as was the case for most of the political pieces in *Les Contemplations*); and that *Christine* was not Dumas's first yaraa drama (see *L'Alchemist de Fiesqua*), only the first to be performed. It would be helpful if when reproducing quotations from previous studies, their original, not their transitional, source could be identified. I find it disappointing that Professor Howarth does not always rid himself of the bad habit his French colleagues have of applying indiscriminately to the Romantic "battles" the military imagery first stuck on the whole debate by Gautier, thus arriving at such objectionable sentences as "Hugo was the number one target for which the enemy were reserving their fire". There are a few points I would have liked to see better or more fully developed: the exact relationship between Saint-Simon and *Chatterton* is insufficiently explained; the discussion of the poetic drama in operatic terms is excellent, but does not do sufficient justice to the extent to which this is also true of Racine; "local colour" is often referred to without sufficient critical relief—does it for instance imply a basically naturalistic trend or a mere liking for the picturesque? Other points could have been shortened: is it really necessary to lend such prominance to the *Préface de Cromwell* and the debate around *Hernani*, when such a lot of the material in this book seems to show up Hugo as a talented interpreter of existing trends, whose fame is due less to his originality than to his success at compromise, like Montherlant in our own times?

Although it is a quality of this book that its references extend to the present day, Professor Howarth is a rather less reliable guide on modern drame. I do not agree with him that the *scènes historiques* were an important step towards Brechtian epic theatre. Such finalist comments are not often useful: this one draws attention away from the function of these scenes in their own time (which were to exploit the enormous appeal of history to audiences sensitivized by their own recent experiences, without trivializing it by adding amorous plot or topical reference) while disregarding an essential feature of Brechtian epic—its avoidance of the depersonalized history of events. Nor is it useful to compare the later plays of Musset to naturalism, the "slice of life" and all that. At best, one may agree that Musset's stage language, like Wordsworth's poetry, sounded more natural in its own time than the language of his predecessors had come to sound. But no good theatre transcribes contemporary manners and speech-habits, and that one adjective separates Musset's *Proverbes* from the plays of the Zolas and the Becques.

Which brings me to the values invoked or implied; here I think this book does fail to be helpful. There are three reasons why an individual Romantic drama may be of interest to us: because it is good drame, because it enjoyed a degree of success in its day, because it is typical of certain trends or aspirations of its time. Professor Howarth offers sacrifices on all three altars: he is interested in Musset's *Lorenzaccio* for the first reason, Dumas's *Antony* for the second, Balzac's *La Marâtre* for the third. But it should be made clear in which order one places the three, or which criterion is being invoked at any one time, and this is not the case. The central thesis of the book, suggested by the title and the conclusion (that the sublime-grotesque contrast "could not be more pertinent, or more meaningful, as a key to the working of the Romantic imagination"), makes sense in the second, and possibly in the third dimensions, but not in the first. In addition, a certain doubt attaches to the first criterion, for of course drama can be judged either according to absolute standards or because it succeeds within the conventions it sets itself. Though this study provides ample material for a judgment of the second type, Professor Howarth's own final comments usually appear to be of the first; indeed, it is disappointing so often to reach an exciting peak of informed understanding about a play and its aesthetic intentions, only to find him assessing it in terms of that most hackneyed and invidious of all categories: "convincingness of character". So that, for instance, having shown on the one hand how the atmosphere of intrigue and concupiscence surrounding leading actresses of the time led them to act—and live at a particularly strident pitch, he criticizes some of the female parts (such as the queen in *Marie Tudor*) as unconvincing or even unpleasant, for demonstrating the very same feature. If judgment is not to become relative, what is the good of studies of context? The more informed the criticism, the more it meets this type of problem; it is a little disappointing, in view of its exceptional qualities, that this book does not solve it.

Two titles in the paperback series "Studies in French Literature" have recently been released. Philip Thody's *Laclos : Les Liaisons Dangereuses* (63pp. Edward Arnold. £1.25) first appeared in 1970; W. G. Moore has expanded the bibliography of *Racine : Britannicus* (56pp. Edward Arnold. £1.25) and added a postscript to include some findings of recent scholarship which have appeared since first publication fifteen years ago. These slender volumes offer valuable introductions to their subjects without condescension or oversimplification.

The hard core of class

By Colin Crouch

JOHN WESTERGAARD and HENRIETTA RESLER :
Class in a Capitalist Society
A Study of Contemporary Britain
432pp. Heinemann. £5.50

The study of class inequalities in the social structure of modern Britain has long been a prominent subject within sociology courses; until the recent growth and diversification of sociology it could be said to constitute the central preoccupation of the discipline in this country. In *Class in a Capitalist Society* one of the prominent contributors to the discussion, John Westergaard, has brought together the great bulk of existing literature on the subject and has reviewed all the central themes of debate. The book will undoubtedly become established as a textbook for students of a variety of levels. A central attribute is that of a textbook; comprehensiveness in the coverage of existing literature rather than the presentation of original research or new developments in theory.

But, like all the best textbooks, it does not provide a dry compendium and is given both direction and animation by the authors' academic and political Marxism. Further, while there is no original research as such, there is considerable reworking and recalculation of existing statistical material to present data on income, wealth and social mobility which have not been so readily available before. Also included are some tables from the 1959 survey of social mobility by David Glass's Population Investigation Committee which have not been published before.

All the central themes of studies of class are covered: inequalities in income and wealth and the role in these of property ownership, labour market inequalities and state action; inequalities of power both within industry and economy and in the political sphere; inequalities of opportunity, covering not only education but other aspects of social mobility; and working-class responses to the structure of inequality, involving a return to the perennial question of why there was no working-class revolution and if there is likely to be one.

The Marxism which informs the discussion is that heavily empirical kind which temporarily went out of fashion during the late 1960s when leftist social science had identified itself strongly with a phenomenological approach and had dubbed empirical research "beurgeois". Through that period Professor Westergaard remained loyal to the older tradition, and this book makes a timely appearance as the heady atmosphere of subjectivism is beginning to subside. Professor Westergaard and Henrietta Resler nail their colours to the mast at a very early stage, when they assert that their book is concerned primarily with the "hard core of class, with the substance and structural sources of inequality, irrespective of how people react to the experience of inequality", though at the end of the work they do take up that latter aspect.

The empiricism is founded in two principal methods: statistical tables, frequently with an economic base, which facilitate reduction of a phenomenon to simple and measurable terms, and analytical discussion of events for dealing with central themes in the resurgence of industrial militancy since the late 1960s. The theoretical framework to which these data are related is the hypothesis that most sources of variation in life chances and style and in the possession of power can be related to inequalities rooted in relations to the means of production, particularly those involving the ownership of private property. Further, given the deeply entrenched nature of these inequalities, any attempts at social change which do not seek the complete overthrow of the mode of production can have but highly marginal effects. This standpoint is used, not only to organize the empirical material, but also to guide the critique of other theoretical interpretations (for example, the pluralist theory of the distribution of political power).

The clarity of direction which this approach imparts is both the central strength and crucial weakness of the book. The theoretical apparatus is not finely differentiated to deal with intermediate variables and nuances, but is applied simply to show how, in the last analysis, the complex web of facts can be related to a class explanation. At the outset the authors stress (quite rightly) that a study of class is not to be concerned with the "peculiarities of the English", and that class is a structural feature of all capitalist societies. But they go further than this and claim that these broad structural similarities are of such importance that little attention needs to be paid to the particular ways in which class relations operate within individual societies.

This inflexibility becomes particularly relevant at certain points. For example, a central theme is that of property ownership, and the demonstration, ultimately through statistical tables, that property ownership is highly unequally divided. But a crucial characteristic of property ownership is that it now takes highly varied forms.

For example, it makes little sense to reduce to a single set of figures the notional monetary value of assets which range from the ownership of companies to that of owner-occupied houses; the difference is not just one of the size of the asset but of the bundle of rights and powers which accompany it. Westergaard and Resler acknowledge such points *en passant*, but they make no attempt at constructing a model of property which analyses its constitution and sources of variation. The same analysis would have greatly improved the discussion in the book of managerialism. This follows the conventional course of setting out the various "managerial revolution" theses and countering them with a demonstration of the identity of interests between owners and managers. But this never tackles the central theoretical issue that control over property is not a simple irreducible category, but has several different components, and these may take varied institutional forms in different societies and at different times, even if ultimately one might wish to argue that there can be a reduction to simpler concepts of class interest. To neglect the development of theory at this intermediate level, which would provide an integrated body of concepts operating between the empirical data and the ultimate Marxist categories, involves the constant invention of ad hoc arguments and observations which are never systematically related to the main theory.

A similar criticism may be made of the authors' treatment of what has been called here "incrective" evidence. In discussing the implications for the class role of the state of developments in industrial relations, they examine a series of changes and demonstrate how both before and after the escalation of conflict the government's role was supportive of what happened at the time to be the interests of capitalism. Again, therefore, the authors move from events to the ultimate thesis. There is no attempt at conceptualizing the various dimensions involved in the state's role, the different forms which theoretically it might take and their implications. Rather, new arguments are developed as the narrative produces new events for which an account has to be given.

The effect of these characteristics is to impart a curious brusqueness and breathlessness to the style: brusque in the statistical reductionism which ignores the heterogeneity of some of the data; and breathless in relating to an ultimate theoretical framework via an intermediate level of analysis which remains ad hoc.

Perhaps the textbook role of *Class in a Capitalist Society* precluded the kind of elaboration which has been demanded here. The first requirement of a work of the kind is to be comprehensive without lapsing into the "on the one hand but on the other hand" kind of eclecticism which has smothered the initial enthusiasm for a subject of generations of students. Brueguerness and breathlessness may well be among the qualities which have enabled this book to walk that tightrope so successfully. As a contribution to the wider literature Westergaard and Resler have provided a concluding, summary statement of a whole debate rather than laid down the terms for the work which has to be done in the coming years. Their form of argument is mainly geared to the controversies over whether class persisted as a relevant category of analysis in an apparently affluent and pacified society. To tackle the complex conflicts emerging in society as the post-war settlement will involve the construction of a more complex theoretical apparatus.

Finally, Heinemann Educational Books are to be congratulated on presenting something of an acceptable face of capitalism at £5.50 for a hardback of 400 pages makes this one of the most reasonably priced books of recent months.

Top dogs

STEWART CLEGG :
Power, Rule and Domination
272pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £5.95 (paperback, £3.95).

The interaction between systems, language and social reality is the core of the ethno-methodological approach to the study of power in organizations. Stewart Clegg's critique of "the economistic grammar of theorizing about power" with analysis of new data gathered by participant observation in the building materials industry. Although his theorizing is always interesting to understand and stimulating, he cannot be an exception—but the extent to which the "accounts" of social science provide some insight into the reality of the exercise of power in organizations.

D. A. Tait

Mutiny on the benches

By C. M. Woodhouse

PHILIP NORTON (Editor) :
Dissension in the House of Commons
Intra-Party Dissent in the House of Commons' Division Lobbies 1945-1974
643pp. Macmillan. £25.

One of the popular myths about the House of Commons is that MPs live in perpetual terror of their party whips. In fact there is no such thing as "the tyranny of the whips" because the whips have no sanctions whatever at their disposal. In *Dissension in the House of Commons 1945-74* Philip Norton demonstrates this simple fact with echoterly precision. At the end of a minute analysis of 586 divisions between 1945 and 1974 in which one or more MPs have deliberately voted against their party whipping (or abstained), he concludes that such dissidence is far commoner than the public thinks, and is on the increase.

A more surprising fact is that it is commoner on the Conservative than the Labour side. Labour MPs tend to rebel in greater numbers, but Conservatives do more occasions. In the 1970-74 Parliament, two thirds of the Conservative members voted against their party whip on at least one occasion, and one (Enoch Powell) did so in 113 whipped divisions, 20 per cent of the total. Nonetheless, on two occasions Conservative rebels staged this kind of mass vote against their leaders which used to be fairly common among Labour rebels on issues such as defence and foreign policy.

It is true that in the crucial vote of principle on the EEC (as distinct from the legislation), there was no whipping on the Conservative side, whereas there was a three-line whip on the Labour side. Nevertheless a defeat would inevitably have led to the resignation of the Government. But it was reasonably certain—and so it turned out—that Conservative votes against the EEC would be offset by Labour votes in favour, despite the three-line whip. There was even unofficial whipping among the Conservative dissidents which enabled the official whips to know where they stood. Probably the same thing happens on occasion on the Labour side, though these are refinements which necessarily escape Mr Norton's strictly statistical approach.

Such internal understandings are the lengths to which dissidence can go do not mean, or again the public is inclined to suspect, that the whole process is a sham struggle. As Mr Norton shows, there were five occasions in the last Parliament covered by his book on which the Conservative Government was compelled to change course by an adverse vote from its own backbenchers. This, he says, was without precedent in the post-war history of Parliament. There have been other cases since. But these are only the tip of an iceberg whose size Mr Norton slightly detects, though he is naturally unable to quantify it.

On other occasions a government has had to change course in the middle of a debate, after becoming aware that it is certain to be defeated by rebels on its own side. On others again it has been compelled to drop a measure altogether after consultations within its party committees have shown that it could not be carried. The most celebrated example was the decision of Mr Wilson and Mrs Castle to drop their proposed legislation on industrial relations in 1969. Because it was dropped, it does not figure among Mr Norton's 586 cases, though in rightly includes reference to it among his conclusions. Many other, less striking, cases could be quoted.

Although Mr Norton has produced a source-book rather than an interpretative study, he arranges the cases in chronological order on a uniform pattern: subject, date and context; a brief summary of the debate; the result of the division, with the names of those cross-voting or abstaining. His sources are Hansard and the division lists, supplemented in some cases by press reports. Where he cannot be certain (for instance, whether abstentions were deliberate), he does not make rash guesses. He treats Parliament with respect, rather than with the fashionable contempt of incomprehension. The result is a dependable and unbiased component of material for future debate—a useful and unpretentious contribution to political science in the strict sense.

An equivocal socialist

By Kenneth O. Morgan

KEIR HARDIE :
Keir Hardie
183pp. Allen Lane. £5.50 (paperback, £2.75).

"I have never understood Keir Hardie". H. M. Hyndman complained in the sixty years since his death, "the mystery surrounding Hardie's outlook and career" has persisted. His legendary socialist reputation in the British Labour movement has added to the obscurity. Iain McLean's new brief survey of brisk and unsentimental. Following other recent studies, he stresses the equivocal nature of Hardie's socialism, even after the formation of the ILP, his flexibility as a political tactician, and the ambiguities of his role as prophet and pioneer. The author is at his best in drawing on his own knowledge of Scotland in assessing the [illegible] of Scottish mining unionism in the 1880s, and in analysing, Nuffield fashion, the famous Midlothian by-election. As a lecturer in [illegible] some [illegible] the nature of "leadership and of internal party democracy within the Labour Party.

All the same, this book is much too brief, especially for Hardie's career after 1895, to merit any significant advance in understanding. The research is far from comprehensive; to take one instance, Hardie's revealing correspondence with Bruce Glasier is indeed available to historians, and has been much used by previous authors, contrary to what is stated in the preface here. Inadequate use, too, has been made of Hardie's own books and pamphlets. In the brief compass allotted to him, the author is unable to develop at length Hardie's work in connection with the crusade against unemployment or the International and Imperial socialist movement. Neither can he deal adequately with Hardie's political philosophy, nor with his friendships with such as Sylvia Pankhurst and Joseph Fels, the treatment of Martha Tydfil is incomprehensible emphasis on a totally unimportant [illegible] who never stood at [illegible] are some factual errors. In [illegible] then, this book is somewhat disappointment.

However, it ought to be [illegible] that this is not really the [illegible] fault. His earlier work on Clydeside has shown Mr McLean to be an able historian of Lebanon. The problem really [illegible] the series of which this book [illegible] in part, with its [illegible] academic for the layman [illegible] cursory for the serious student [illegible] footnotes allowed the [illegible] derisory, while the bibliography [illegible] sketchy in the extreme. Keir [illegible] and his unique achievement [illegible] more extensive treatment [illegible] in an instant series of [illegible] (in which poor [illegible] apparently be joined shortly [illegible] notably non-charismatic [illegible] Castlereagh, Eden and Lloyd George). Perhaps Mr McLean, [illegible] work worthier of his talents [illegible] encouraged to provide [illegible]

A family and its photographs

By Alan Bell

JULIA MARGARET CAMERON :
A Victorian Album
Introductory essay by Lord David Cecil
Edited by Graham Ovenden
252pp including 119 illustrations.
Secker and Warburg. £17.50.

Of the making of books about Julia Margaret Cameron there seems at present to be no end. Several have been published or republished recently and more are announced. All are in some way pictorially meritorious, either in pleasing selection or in faithful reproduction, but none has yet succeeded in providing the right balance of literary, historical, social and technical discussion in its text. Helmut Gernsheim's pioneering studies give a great deal of the technical information which is fascinating even to a layman; Roger Fry's remarks in Virginia Woolf's selection, *Victorian Portraits of Famous Men and Fair Women*, show by their very preliminary nature that there is an inadequate study of the artistic background still to be made. *A Victorian Album*—the most expensive I think, so far, of the recent Cameron productions—unfortunately does little to advance our knowledge or our understanding of Julia Margaret Cameron's life or work.

It reproduces in actual size the entire contents of an album presented by Mrs Cameron to her sister Maria ("Mia") Jackson, which was sold at auction some eighteen months ago for no less than £40,000. This staggering result must have prompted in the minds of connoisseurs of prices memories of the museums market at the turn of the century. Whether it was justified it is beyond my competence to say. The balance of fine and poor material will provide opportunities for discussion; the high quality of the reproduction, complete and (this is important) with all faults, will help any debate on price and value. A great deal could and should have been said about the photographs and about Mrs Cameron, much more than Lord David Cecil has contributed, described on the wrapper as "a loving evocation of the Victorian age at its glowing best". Some valuable opportunities have been missed.

Mr Ovenden not unoetunelly makes high claims for the "Mia" album which has cost so very much. He has been [illegible] other albums relating to the Pattle circle—the family of Mrs Cameron and Mrs Jackson—but notes this one as particularly important: the family album of an interesting family, assembled for a particular purpose rather than as a presentation anthology of Mrs Cameron's best work. The album itself was given to her sister in July 1863, at the very start of Mrs Cameron's photographic efforts—the well-known portrait of Annie Philpot, "my first success", is dated January 1864—but little evidence is adduced to support the editor's view that the selections are "an artist's selection of her own work". The selection of the non-Cameron material (and there is a great deal of it) is also attributed to Mrs Cameron. Although this includes work by photographers as distinguished as Rejlander and material attributed tentatively to Lewis Carroll, the book has too much of the bric-a-brac of any family album—poor photographic copies of portrait drawings, a tourist print of a Mary Queen of Scots portrait in the Cluny, etc—to make an attribution of the selection to Mrs Cameron justifiable without proper documentary evidence.

None the less, the Cameron material displayed here is of considerable interest, not least in the sometimes imperfect pictures of her favourite family model, Julia Duckworth, née Jackson and Jullar Stephen. There are, perhaps, too few of Julia Margaret Cameron's "fancy" portraits to make the album fully representative of her work. "The Sphinx Madonna", "The Guardian Angel", and others have, but none of the larger genre groups. Their omission, though, shows discrimination on the part of the recipient or compiler, but these "fancy" photographs were an important part of her work and might provide useful indications of her aesthetic aspirations and achievements. In their own time her allegorical and religious compositions enjoyed a considerable reputation for their high sentimental appeal. Mrs Tennyson wrote to a friend in 1865: "Mrs Cameron is making endless Madonnas and May Queens and Foolish Virgins and Wise Virgins and I know not what besides. It is really wonderful how she puts her spirit into people." Later opinion has been less complimentary. Gernsheim was too dismissive of them as revealing a bad taste which he ascribed to the religious.

Lord David Cecil writes of the *Idylls of the King* series, quite rightly, that they are "so wonderfully like what at fact they were: a group of Victorian persons got up to take part in amateur theatricals and showing themselves awkward and self-conscious at the prospect". Such comments point in the right direction. The artiness may be regrettable, but the influences it reveals, whether derived from the party games of the intellectual house parties of cultivated Victorian society, or from high Victorian views of pictorial composition, are important. Properly worked out, they will tell us a good deal more about Mrs Cameron's outlook and achievement.

It is a pity that Mr Ovenden did not choose to write something explaining the condition of many of the prints. Many readers will be puzzled by the blemishes which are everywhere apparent — Browning swathed senatorially in a blanket, awaiting release from an overlong sitting, glowers through a heliotrope [illegible] "Mia" album and the recent reprint of *Victorian Photographs of Famous Men and Fair Women*, where the prints are a rich chocolate brown, less faithful than Mr Ovenden's colour which seems to represent more accurately the gold-toned albumenized paper of the originals. The Woolf-Fry plates also seem to have been tidied up—not interfered with as in the Ritchie album, but corrected in a wholly acceptable way.

Mr Ovenden's faithfulness provides material for a number of technical discussions, but the opportunity has been missed. For example, the transverse brush-strokes which give Mrs Cameron's portrait of her beautiful daughter-in-law in her bridal gown something of a Miss Havisham look are probably due to hasty preparation of the collodion plate—and, if the church bells were ringing, hasty exposition too. Had we been told since of the complicated and delicate processes (and the real wonder is how such a notoriously clumsy woman as Mrs Cameron ever achieved success with the chemicals), the very faults would have been instructive.

Yet in spite of all the imperfections, both in photoprinting blemishes and in the deliberate oddities of exposural technique, the real artistic quality of the portraits is apparent, and Julia Margaret Cameron's highly developed aesthetic perception is manifestly displayed. The "Dirty Monk" of Tennyson (shown in a very dirty example) can here be compared with a Rejlander of the poet which is dull in such company.

There are several fine prints of Sir Henry Taylor, whom Mrs Cameron adored, with his swami-like beard; and, as one would expect in an album maintained by her mother, many portraits of Julia Duckworth (probably taken over a longer period than Mr Ovenden's dating suggests). These alone once again—and they can stand repetition from anthology to anthology—that "exquisite delicacy of line and form" which her husband, Sir Leslie Stephen, felt to have escaped all the artists who attempted to capture it, but which the photographs caught so vividly. The best of her portraits remain in the memory long after the flotsam and jetsam of a finally album have been forgotten. Julia Margaret Cameron's art can triumph over lavish but unsatisfying reproduction as it triumphed over her own technical foilings.

Inside the light-tight box

By Eric de Maré

MICHEL AUER :
The Illustrated History of the Camera
From 1839 to the Present
285pp. Fountain Press. £20.

Those motoring from Paris to Marseilles cannot fail to notice, four miles beyond Chalon at St-Leup-de-Varennes, a gigantic stone plaque by the roadside inscribed with the legend: "Dans ce village Nicéphore Niépce inventa la Photographie en 1822." Nearby lies the estate of Gras, from an upper window of whose manor house Niépce took the first fixed positive photographic image, a view of the courtyard view is, in fact, uncertain and the correct one may be as late as 1826. Yet even that would have been nice years before Talbot produced his first paper negative showing the lattice window of his library at Lacock Abbey, and eleven years before Daguerre produced the first positive on a copper plate that has survived—a still-life arranged in his studio.

Niépce's image, made with a camera obscura fitted with a lens, an iris diaphragm and a pewter plate covered with bitumen and later developed in oil of lavender, was hazy, and a whole day was needed for its exposure. Yet it was American scientist achieved a crisp image of a bullet whizzing through an apple with an exposure of one three-millionth part of a second. We take this incredible technical development of a century and a half for granted and too rarely appreciate what an immense and revelatory impact the formation by light of fixed images has had on the modern cultured pattern; the world could hardly have evolved the way it has without photography. Its phenomenal advance and ubiquitous application have been achieved partly by the discovery of highly sensitive emulsions, partly by new sources of intense light, and partly by improvements in camera design, not least of lenses and shutters.

The camera has given us a third eye, enabling us to see the universe from the atom to the cosmos in entirely new ways. It is the new lingua franca for worldwide communication in every sphere. It is also, as we have often been told, the true folk-art of the industrial age. In short, it has become the primary visual force in life. Moholy-Nagy of the Bauhaus, who among his other activities was a brilliant and creative photographer, once declared that "the knowledge of photography is just as important as that of the alphabet. The illiterate of the future will be the person ignorant of the use of the camera, as well as of the pen". The point may be moot but certainly photography is important to everyone now whether or not he is among the tens of millions who possess cameras. *The Illustrated History of the Camera* is therefore of universal interest.

This large, lavish and costly volume, composed mainly of drawings, period engravings and photographs of photographs in both colour and black and white (mostly by the French author, Vero Pauline Lemaire, collector of interesting repute), makes a worthwhile contribution in clearly describing the evolution of the camera from Niépce's simple box down to the intricate miniature of today. Several publications, notably that by Helmut and Alison Gernsheim, have covered the history of photography as a whole while Eaton Lothrop's *A Century of Cameras*, also issued by the Fountain Press, provides a special survey. This new book, however, is the most comprehensive, comprehensible and vivid yet produced. If few enthusiasts, apart from wealthy collectors, will be able to pay the price, public libraries will not be doing their job without it.

It should particularly please the many who appreciate "artifacts of fine craftsmanship". They will be especially enchanted by the beauty of many early cameras with their polished mahogany, walnut and rosewood and gleaming brasswork, among them being Bourquin's daguerreotype instrument of 1845 with its pair of supporting and stabilizing dragons, and Colonel Mengin's pyramidal Périgraphe Instantané of 1875 that encompasses a complete panoramic circle. As objects of industrial design modern cameras, a host of which are illustrated, are as beautiful in their machine aesthetic as their hand-made progenitors. The introduction comments: "The soft clunk of the mirror in a well-made single-lens reflex, the intricate links and gearing in the twin lens, all are fascinating in their operation and the thought that went into their design."

In spite of the improvements in performance, the principles of photography have not changed since Fox Talbot invented the positive-negative process, and (however sophisticated it has become with its electronic automation, rangefinders, reflex focusing, zoom lenses, built-in light meters, delayed action mechanisms, pulling, falling and lateral movements, instant development and fixation, and all its complexities of knobs and levers, the modern camera is basically a light-tight box with a lens, diaphragm and shutter at one end and a light-sensitive plate at the other. Niépce's iris diaphragm, indeed, remains the most popular aperture control to the day, and, in spite of its intricate construction, the new Instamatic-type has returned to its simplicity of operation to a virtue of its most primitive forebears: in Eastman's famous slogan for the Kodak camera that brought photography to everyman at the close of the heroic age of the wet-plate, "You press the button; we do the rest".

Photography combines two factors that have been known for centuries. The first is the *camera obscura*, believed to be an Arabic pin-hole invention of the eleventh century; first used for observing solar eclipses and later valued by Renaissance painters for drawing perspective. The second is the effect of light on chemicals. The tanning of skin and the bleaching of cloth by sunlight has been noted since early times, and in 1614 Angelo Sala discovered how silver nitrate was darkened when exposed to light. It remained for those inspired tinkerers, Niépce, Daguerre and Talbot, to link the physics of the camera with the chemistry of the coated plate to produce photography as we knew it. Michel Auer's work is devoted to describing the evolution of the former.

It opens with an interesting diagram revealing the various branches that have grown from the trunk. This is followed by a helpful glossary of terms and then by some short notes to explain the early processes. The chapters describe the inventors; studio cameras; field cameras (including the Chicago Mammoth of 1900 to take plates eight feet by four and a half); cameras in disguise as cravat pins, canes, lute, books, watches, revolvers, and binoculars, down to the matchbox of 1943 specially designed for the CIA; Detective Cameras made possible by the rapid dry plate; the Box and Jumelle; the bellows (including the ancient Vest Pocket); the reflex—true descendant of the *camera obscura*—from the old heavy to the new miniature like the single-lens Hasselblad and the twin lens Rolleiflex, which descends directly from ancestors such as the London Reporter of 1872 and the Paris Cosmopolite of 1887.

An important chapter covers the 35mm, now the most widely used instrument among both amateurs and professionals, a type that has produced an entire end revolutionary system during the past four decades, thanks mainly to the production of fine-grain emulsions and improved lenses to give remarkably fine definition on a tiny area of film. The first 35mm, the Leica (short for Leitz Camera), was made by hand in 1913 by Oscar Barnack to take a roll of fifty exposures for testing camera film (a curious fact not revealed by the author), but it did not go into commercial production until 1924, since when it has been followed by a host of other makes, now mostly reflex.

Final chapters cover special subjects: stereoscopy, colour separation, self-containment (from the Dubroni wet-plate outfit of 1864 to E. H. Land's wonderful Polaroid of today). Then the panoramic, the multilenses, the telegraphic and finally the flying camera, an early one being carried by a pigeon in 1908, and the latest being the Hasselblad Electric favoured by specimen.

The Illustrated History of the Camera, preceded by versions in French and German, has been adapted and well translated by D. E. Tubbs, and is printed in a meticulous Swiss manner. It is likely to establish itself as a standard work.

Time and the toolmaker

By F. A. B. Ward

ALAN SMITH :
Clocks and Watches
Illustrated by Peter Fitzjohn
222pp. The Connoisseur. £6.

Many books have been written on clocks and watches in general and their history, and one picks up yet another, one with the inevitable question: Has this author anything new to tell us, or a new or better way of presenting familiar material? In the present instance the answer is an emphatic yes.

First Alan Smith leads us through the general field of the construction and mechanical essentials and details of clocks and watches, followed, in the same chapter, by an unusual, thorough and welcome survey of a great variety of tools which have been and are today employed in their making and repairing; this from his own special knowledge of the subject. He then adopts a more historical approach, and proceeds in succession through the historical development of English clocks and watches, followed by the parallel developments in the United States (treated in much more detail than in most English books), continental Europe and Japan.

An attractive feature of *Clocks and Watches* is its unusual layout, each page usually consisting of a pair of columns of text, each surmounted by a line drawing to which its column relates; the drawings, by Peter Fitzjohn, are of exceptional clarity and quality, and in spite of the layout the text maintains a continuous and logical sequence. The colour plates are also of quality, and an interesting feature is that, with few exceptions, the clocks and watches shown on them are all from public collections in the north of England; though their origins are international.

Context and transformation

By Oliver Lyne

G. KARL GALINSKY:
Ovid's Metamorphoses
An Introduction to the Basic Aspects
285pp. Oxford: Blackwell. £6.

The *Metamorphoses* is a poem which hardly concerns itself with moral issues; it shuns too the unambiguously tragic. Its tones are more amenably disturbing (pathetic, perverse, macabre) or frankly humorous. It would of course be hard to resolve moral complexities or confront tragedy in stories whose protagonists fly off as birds or turn into trees at the end; and here in fact is one function of the common denominator of most episodes in the poem, metamorphosis: to let the poet out lightly. Humour is must be stressed is the control tone of the poem and it affects virtually all others. Ovid amuses in the *Metamorphoses*, variously and brilliantly. And he writes great poetry.

Karl Galinsky has the emphases largely right and his book is mostly good and useful. Suitably, a large portion is devoted to analysing the methods of Ovid's humour. Particularly important to appreciate is the way Ovid remorselessly draws out the logical consequences (or at least possibilities) of a mythical situation up to and beyond the point of incongruity. If, for example, Apollo desires an unwilling and fleetfooted girl, he is going to have to chase her; but courtship at a gallop ill befits an Olympian. . . .

Ovid's exuberant and pervasive verbal wit is well illustrated; and implicitly if not explicitly Professor Galinsky vindicates the poetic worth (which some might deny) of much of it. "Most of the time, verbal wit serves as a brilliantly concise summary into which Ovid crystallizes the paradoxical consequences of a given situation." The nymph Echo echoing Narcissus's puzzled questions seems to imagine to him, her own erotic yearnings. The question dilemma of her love is given pleasant, concentrated and lasting expression in the words' ambiguous resonances.

However Professor Galinsky is not so fair an Ovid's poetry of the macabre, or his blacker humour. He struggles not to confuse "moral" with literary criticism, but at times fails. The simile (for example) in which those dead of the plague are likened to rotten apples is labelled "superfluous" and "hardly befitting the occasion"; and it is "pathos or dignity" which would befit the occasion of Pyramus's spouting wound—not the simile of the broken water pipe. Evaluation born of prejudice, patently. Poetry of the macabre is as much poetry as poetry of pathos or sympathy. Whatever the reasons why Ovid chose to camp up death and suffering in gruesome colours, the task of the literary critic is first to observe the fact and then to ask "does he do it well?". And often it is good: Ovid's poetry can strike virtually infinite resonances of gruesomeness in the lucky reader's imagination.

Parody is also discussed as a source of humour—fairly satisfactorily. Careful note, however, should be taken of a more general phenomenon, a calculated discrepancy which Ovid will contrive between form and content. In the *Amores* he had clothed ostensibly passionate material in a slickly sophisticated style, and thereby taken the wind out of it. In the *Metamorphoses* he puts into grandly epic dress subject-matter that does not naturally or comfortably wear it. Meleager & Co hunt the Calydonian bear in very obviously epic language reminiscent of Iliadic battles. But this hunt (with, among other things, Nestor pole-vaulting into a tree) does not rank with Iliadic warfare—the humour of the incongruous again.

Professor Galinsky's book rightly and usefully stresses the extraordinary variety of the *Metamorphoses*. (Here is another function of the chosen common denominator: all manner of stories ended in metamorphosis.) "Polytonal" is a favourite word of his and the shifts of mood and tone are well illustrated, both within single episodes and over stretches of the poem.

But the *elusiveness* of tone of many stories, the different ways they can strike one on different readings, is not really explained. Erysichthon, who may now seem grotesquely funny, can on another reading appear nearer grotesquely wicked. In part this elusiveness is simply a product of the wealth of the episode's writing. But it also raises the question of the poem's structure as a whole—another thorny topic. Professor Galinsky rightly accepts Quintilian's comment on the structure: the *Metamorphoses* is "most diverse topics" knit into a *semblance* of a whole" (*speciem unius corporis*)—your division schemes of thematic unity are largely imaginary. It is not, incidentally, often enough stressed that the ingeniousness of the links between episodes is a continual reminder of their essential and delightful disparateness: *because* they are so disparate they equal such ingenuity. But why has Ovid woven this huge fabric?

Apart from the in-joke on the *carmen perpetuum*, one thing Ovid provides thereby is a *context*—a chameleon of a context—for each story, and this is important. The *Erysichthon* does not float in a tone-void. It is approached through the plays story of Philemon and Baucis, and an initial response to an impious Erysichthon is fairly assured. But the course of the narrative and the *Mestra* sequel cast Erysichthon in less black a light. Read on a bit further and one's memory may be of a fairly uncomplicatedly funny story.

Context in fact in the *Metamorphoses* suggests almost unlimited but definite nuances of interpretation for a given story; it organizes an unending variety of optimal lights in which to read it. One's response to Pygmalion (for example) is far more unequivocal [illegible] has read the *Myrrha* [illegible] and both responses are [illegible] that manner Pygmalion's [illegible] pending on how forcibly [illegible] struck the reader, can [illegible] reactions to Myrrha's [illegible] lover.

Nor is it obligatory to [illegible] a story the obvious way [illegible] the preceding one, and [illegible] terms of immediate [illegible] can if we like skip from [illegible] place in the poem. Why [illegible] should we be bound to [illegible] sequence of a poem [illegible] sequence is so manifestly [illegible] splendidly artificial? [illegible] reading is obviously too [illegible] could skip from the [illegible] Jupiter to the amorous [illegible] look I and back again. [illegible] the divine *principia* [illegible] light—and a light [illegible] poem. The chameleon [illegible] (whose colour-changes [illegible] curtains provided by [illegible] structure of the poem) [illegible] responsible for the [illegible] colour of the individual [illegible] organization into a "[illegible] whole" is crucial, [illegible] the *Metamorphoses*'s [illegible] greatness.

A real fifth-century man

By Simon Hornblower

LOWELL EDMUNDS:
Chance and Intelligence in Thucydides
243pp. Harvard University Press. £6.05.

The standard of scholarly work on the Greek historians is inevitably raised, and enthusiasm for them fanned, by the appearance of a good historical commentary. The fine commentary on Thucydides by Gomme and his continuators, now nearing completion, is part of the intellectual pedigree of Lowell Edmunds's new study (a rewritten dissertation) of Thucydides' thought; it is a compliment to say that many of his pages recall "Gommes's" mature historical judgement, and its patient explication of the difficult and matted language of Thucydides. More obvious is Dr Edmunds's Harvard ancestry: the book is dedicated to John H. Finley, who has done much to make of Thucydides a real fifth-century man—for instance, by plotting affinities with contemporaries like Euripides, without muffling the distinctive resonance of the exiled historian's voice.

However we account for vicissitudes of scholarly interest, the influence of Thucydides at the most important level, that at which historians address each other, has often seemed pervasive, even total, at least since the Romantic Revolution, which saw Thucydides' "History" as a perfectly achieved synthesis of the real and the ideal. It is easy to feel that Thucydides, by making his work a "possession for ever" took captive not only the Peloponnesian War, but history itself: notoriously, by turning his back on the splendid anthropological discursiveness of Herodotus, and directing his powerful, almost bullying, intelligence, exclusively to war and politics, he imposed on posterity not only his interpretation of the period, but also his priorities and his principles of selection. Only Arnaldo Momigliano has protested against the limitations of those principles, and against the Romantic canonization of Thucydides.

Dr Edmunds invites a partial return to the Romantic view, in his exploration of two concepts linked to each other in Thucydides' "History", as the coal to the ideal. The concepts are chance (*tyche*) and intelligence (*gnome*) whose interplay, Dr Edmunds thinks, governed Thucydides' view of history, enabling him to accommodate both Periclean rationalists and the Spartans, who cower under the flail of *tyche*. His own view is that chance butchers the creatures of intelligence, but intelligence can sometimes intercede for chance's victims.

Dr Edmunds's argument in *Chance and Intelligence in Thucydides*, close-reasoned and well-documented, is worked out in three sections: the thesis is Pericles, the antithesis (I presume the tripartite unfolding is deliberate) is Sparta, the synthesis is Thucydides' reconciliation of the opposites, in a supposedly coherent philosophy of history.

Dr Edmunds has gone deep into the thought of the Thucydidean Pericles. He analyses the Funeral Oration as an improvement on the Sologic recipe for happiness: Solon had conceived the *polis* theologically; in the Oration, the polis incarnates the qualities of the individual, enabling him to survive death by dying for his polis. We may object that the transition from the Solonic to the "Periclean" ideal was not taken in one, self-assured stride; that Dr Edmunds gives Pericles credit for too much. Herodotus wondered at the burst of confidence that had caused decades earlier, on the expulsion of the tyrants, thanks to which Athens won two striking victories in rapid succession; and does not much of the "innovational character of the thought of the Thucydidean Pericles" really belong half a generation earlier, with the acquisition of empire and subject allies? Empire brings self-awareness.

Dr Edmunds's Pericles is an admirable intellectual construct—perhaps over-intellectual; he has, I suspect, done to the Thucydidean Pericles what Thucydides did to the real-life Pericles: subjected him, to neat, cosmetic improvements. The sentence "Pericles realized [=made actual] the potentiality of the office of *strategos* as a means to the control of *tyche*" illustrates my objections. Granted, the strategia "stood outside the chances of the lot". But I wonder if Thucydides' Pericles, let alone the real-life Pericles, even in his most abstract moment, thought of office—any office—in such terms. Office was *archê*, rule, and "rule is sweetest" (Aristotle). No Athenian needed any coaxing justification, framed in terms of the chance-intelligence antithesis, for his ambitions.

There are many good things in the chapter on the Spartans—held to include, e.g., Niclas, who exhibited Spartan characteristics. This produces queasiness; after sorting Thucydides' characters into chance-men and intelligence-men, we now have to allow that there are Spartan Athenians and Athenian Spartans. Only to be expected; but there are further difficulties. In Sicily Dr Edmunds ingeniously contends, Sparta is the victor "in the military sphere" [illegible] won "at the level of strategic philosophy". This clever paradox [illegible] that the Syracusans, despite [illegible] enlightenment qualities, had the [illegible] Nicias, a "Spartan" type. [illegible] Dr Edmunds himself says [illegible] Syracusans were [illegible] principle of categorization [illegible] vant? Moreover, the [illegible] "Athens" was on a purely [illegible] gic level. *Tyche* did [illegible] out, virtuous man, he [illegible] deserve it. The victory of [illegible] gence is superficial. So what [illegible] Thucydides stand?

That brings us to Dr [illegible] final section, "Thucydides [illegible] Antitheses". I cannot [illegible] Thucydides effected any [illegible] olution as Dr Edmunds says [illegible] that he would have been [illegible] historian if he had. Take [illegible] Dr Edmunds follows the [illegible] it was the form of [illegible] Niclas suffered (execution, [illegible] surrender) that was [illegible] True; but, surely, a more [illegible] sense of outrage [illegible] laconic obituary (a rare [illegible] example, in the "History" [illegible] direct, and surely [illegible] characterization). There is [illegible] compassion in Thucydides [illegible] tify not a two, but a [illegible] analysis, in terms of chance [illegible] gence, and tragic suffering [illegible] there is enough tension [illegible] chance and intelligence [illegible] encourage belief that the [illegible] ness, of even the noblest [illegible] sences, like other problems [illegible] tinued to trouble Thucydides.

But Dr Edmunds's [illegible] chapter, on Thucydides' [illegible] logy, especially the discussion [illegible] the famous claim to "[illegible] deserves attention. This is a [illegible] cult book, but a well-written [illegible] stimulating one.